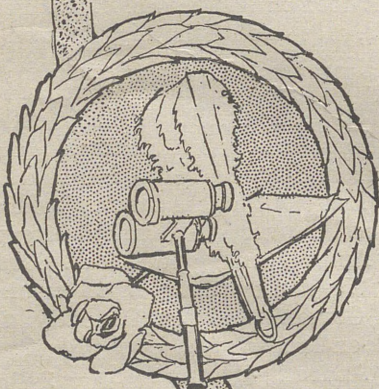
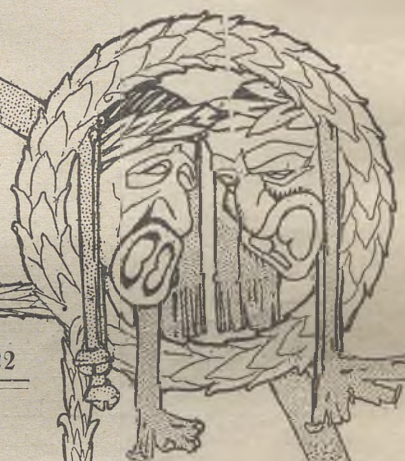
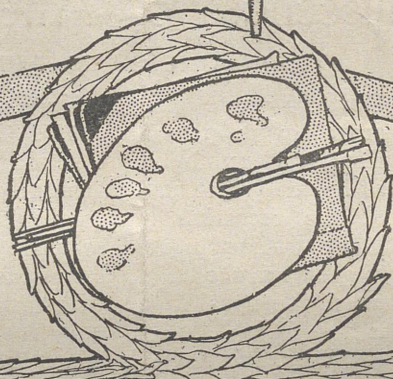
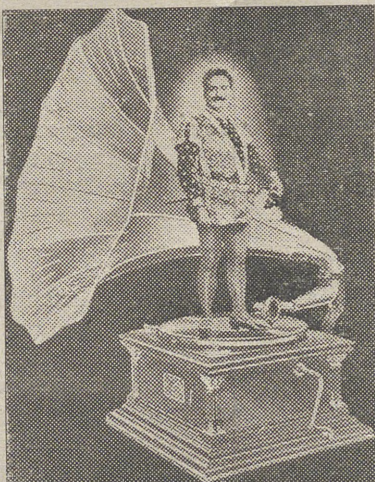


Graphic



VOL. XXVIII Los Angeles, Cal., May 2, 1908. No. 22

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Wherein the Difference

[Extracts from a Letter of Alfred Holman to the "Argonaut."]

[Alfred Holman, the editor of the San Francisco "Argonaut," frequently visits Southern California. He has been en route, of late, in the South, and his latest letter, analyzing the differences between Northern and Southern California—between San Francisco and Los Angeles—will be read with more than ordinary interest. While we do not agree with all of Mr. Holman's premises or conclusions and while we have perhaps an advantage over him in having held residence in both sections of California, thus possibly giving a closer insight into the hopes and aims and methods of both sec-

tions and cities, still Mr. Holman sees with the eyes of a trained observer and writes with uncommon ability and freedom. Ed. "Graphic."]

Why the "tourist" hocks in thousands to Southern California and why he rarely goes anywhere in the central and northern parts of the State, excepting San Francisco, Del Monte and Lake Tahoe, is a common subject of speculation. The explanation is simple. In Marin, Sonoma, Napa and Lake Counties, in Santa Clara and Santa Cruz, in the upper Sacramento country, and in the western slopes of the Sierras, we have regions equal certainly in natural charm to anything to be found south of Tehachapi; and these regions will attract visitors by thousands both in winter and summer

when they shall be provided with artificial arrangements which the pleasure-loving vacationist demands. We can have the "tourist" in northern and central California whenever we shall take the pains to make the arrangements essential to his entertainment. The modern pleasure-seeker wants the best of everything; he will not put up with the old bar-room type of country hotel; he will not stay where he can not have a bath in connection with his bedroom; he will not be content with any place in which the facilities for out-of-doors life may not be found in conjunction with indoor luxury. The mere possession of undeveloped natural advantages will not count.

Los Angeles has in her Chamber of Commerce an institution of extraordinary effectiveness in its

(Continued on page 5)

Reminiscences of Andy Johnson-1

By MAJOR BEN C. THURMAN

Andrew Johnson was appointed and confirmed Brigadier-General U. S. V. and Military-Governor of Tennessee on March 5, 1862, and arrived in Nashville, accompanied by his staff (William A. Browning and the writer), Congressmen Horace Maynard, William B. Stokes and Emerson Etheridge (the three Union Congressmen of Tennessee), and three or four others (including Major Martland, a special agent of the Postoffice Department), on the 12th—one week after—and the governor and his party were driven at once to the St. Cloud Hotel. Mr. Johnson was given one of the large rooms facing on Sumner street, and Browning and I were assigned a front room communicating. The hotel was kept by an old Union man, so far as he dared to be, named Sam Carter. Sam's eldest daughter was about twenty, and very pretty. Her name was Laura. One day Laura was arrested for spitting upon Union officers from the porch of her father's hotel. General Dumont made the arrest and immediately sought out Johnson and said:

"Governor, I hated to make this arrest on account of you and the girl's father. But she has been doing all sorts of disreputable things, and I thought it was about time to check her. She is a perfect little trollope. I told her that she ought to behave herself while you were at the hotel, and she went for you everlastingly and said she would dance on your grave yet."

"Oh, you mustn't mind these little young female Rebels," responded Johnson. "There is no harm in Laura. Dance on my grave, will she? She will plant flowers instead. I'll take care of her—let her go."

In less than a year Laura married Captain Holloway of the Federal army, and her cousin, Medora Carter, a stately rebel and one of the most beautiful young women I have ever met in my life, married Major Stevens, also of the Federal army. Sixteen years afterward, on the 5th of June, 1878, the unveiling of the Johnson monument at Greenville, Tennessee, took place, and as the flag fell the column showed garlands of laurel and flowers, and there were floral offerings of surpassing beauty all around. Who do you suppose stood there in supreme beauty, adorning the niches in the die and base, and strewing the choicest of flowers and evergreens but Laura Carter Holloway!

Some three months after his arrival the

Governor was one evening addressing a crowd of people in front of the St. Cloud Hotel. A rumbling of thunder came just as he was vigorously arraigning the leaders of the secession movement in Tennessee. Those without umbrellas made a movement to get upon the outer edge of the assemblage, when the speaker astonished them by saying,

"Why, friends, this is not the artillery of heaven you hear; it is Andrew Jackson turning in his coffin and thundering those memorable words, 'The Union, it must and shall be preserved!'"

The diapason from 5,000 hands which followed nearly drowned the peals of thunder which were then coming from the illuminated clouds; but no one stirred, although the big drops had commenced to descend, until Johnson himself dismissed them by saying:

"My friends, I thank you for your attention, and advise you to hurry to your homes, as we don't want to be classed by our Rebel friends among those who do not know enough to go into the house out of the wet."

The Military Governor, although he seemed to be severe in his speeches, impressed it upon me that I should treat the Nashville Confederates with kindness and consideration, and especially the women; and I also noticed that he maintained a high appreciation of the rectitude and influence of many of the leading ladies of Middle Tennessee who often called on us for passes and other favors.

One of the famous beauties of middle Tennessee, at that time, was a rich widow named Carter, who resided at Franklin. Mrs. Carter had two beautiful daughters aged about 17 and 18, but neither was as beautiful as the mother. A week seldom expired that Mrs. Carter did not wish a pass between Franklin and Nashville, or some other little favor. One day she came to me and said she wanted a permit to carry home six barrels of salt. While I knew her to be an honorable and all-round trustworthy woman, I bore in mind that she was a rebel, and that salt, ice, and quinine were exceedingly scarce among those she loved best. So I made her request known to Mr. Johnson, who said:

"Give Mrs. Carter the permit for the six barrels. Six barrels of salt won't be of much service to the bogus Confederacy, you know; besides, Mrs. Carter is a lovely wo-

man."

In about a month afterward, the lady again called, and wanted to take out twelve barrels of salt. She owned nearly one hundred slaves, and was salting down a good deal of pork and beef; and there were other needs which the bewitching rebel elaborated upon. I again consulted Mr. Johnson, and he said:

"Mrs. Carter is a lovely woman, but she can only have a permit for six barrels. You might tell her, without offending her, that she won't have to feed her niggers long."

I quickly informed Mrs. Carter that the Governor did not feel authorized to grant her a permit, but for six barrels. "Then make me out two permits," she archly replied, "each for six barrels." Mrs. Carter was a beautiful woman, and I respectfully made out the two permits.

A few months after his arrival the Governor sent half a dozen rebels to northern prisons or through the lines into the South. Among those exiled was a man named Wash Barrows, one of the richest and most prominent men in Tennessee. Mrs. Barrows, the wife, was one of the biggest women outside of a museum I had ever seen. It was probably a month after her husband had been sent to prison that the lady called on Mr. Johnson for a pass. He turned, almost rudely, from Mrs. Barrows, and said to me:

"Make out a pass for this woman to leave Nashville over the Grannywhite pike."

"And return," added Mrs. Barrows.

"We don't want you to return," added the Governor. Then the lady got furious and exclaimed:

"Andrew—Johnson—do—you—know—what—I—ought—to—do? I ought to take you across my knee and give you the biggest spanking you ever had in your life." And Johnson closed her up as follows:

"Mrs. Barrows, it would take the whole Federal army to spank you." After Mrs. Barrows had received her pass—to go and return—Johnson said to me:

"If old Wash Barrows had any sense of gratitude, he'd address me a letter of thanks for sending him to a Northern prison."

In all my relations with Andrew Johnson, this is the only case I remember in which he spoke disrespectfully of or to a woman.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

R. H. Hay Chapman
Editor

Graphic

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Matters of Moment

Discretion and Diffidence.

There will be no restoration of confidence, which means the return of prosperity, until the banks recover from the panic of last autumn, for which the bankers themselves were mainly responsible. The bankers apparently have determined to retaliate upon the people whom they accused of storing up their money in safety deposit vaults, stockings and holes in the ground. The last statement of the country's national banks showed that they held the record total of 826 millions cash—coin, legal tender and bank notes—against 732 millions in August, which was high-water mark at that time. Since December 3 the banks have gained 80 millions in gold alone, and their cash holdings now amount to twenty per cent. of their individual deposits.

It will readily be seen that the condition of the national banks could not well be more satisfactory. But while the banks are holding a record total of cash, the same complaint is heard from Maine to California that there is "not enough money to do the business of the country."

The truth seems to be that bankers are suffering from a natural reaction, from which they will recover in due time. Over-speculation was at the root of the October panic, certain banks and trust companies having shown extraordinary and wanton indulgence to privileged borrowers. Moreover, there was such a premium on money on Wall Street, the center of speculation, that banks throughout the country sent money to New York to draw considerably higher rates of interest than could be realized in the normal channels of local business.

The bankers, undoubtedly, have learned their lesson, and are not to be blamed for a natural tendency to "sit tight." But there is a vast difference between discretion and diffidence. Credit is essential to the carrying on of any business in any community. If the banks refuse credit, the general recovery of business is necessarily retarded, while many individuals are forced to the wall.

Los Angeles has held her own in a re-

markable manner during the months of depression. Necessary economies have been practiced and some sacrifices made, but there has been no loss of faith in the stability of local conditions or of financial institutions. The ultimate complete recovery of prosperity is assured. The fact that many large loans made by San Francisco banks to Los Angeles banks and individuals have been called in summarily, has necessarily still further tightened the money market, but such loans are being replaced readily in the East, and eventually it is probable that San Francisco banks will regret their hasty discrimination against Los Angeles. That Los Angeles will no longer be dependent financially to a considerable extent on San Francisco must redound to the disadvantage of the northern metropolis.

With the first signs of local banks to "loosen up"—and already such may be discerned on the horizon—the first steps towards restoration of confidence will be taken.

When.

When all the saloons are shut and a few vineyards, breweries and distilleries supply what stimulant is called for by judicious and responsible (certified) drinkers; when a few surviving stockbrokers attend twice a month to the necessary business of the bona fide investors; when an occasional horse race is permitted strictly for the delectation of horse lovers who never bet; when the captains of industry and finance always retire from the game as soon as they have made comfortable provision for their declining years; when labor unions cease to attempt to keep non-union men from working; when entrance fees at intercollegiate contests are abolished and the presiding bishop of the Methodist church and the president of the W. C. T. U. divide the command of the United States army; when all the trusts are dead and all the railroads carry freight and passengers for nothing, and everybody forty years old has six children and a pension, and duties are abolished and income and inheri-

tance taxes support the government, and Jack London is president and Bryan in Congress, and Arthur Brisbane and Upton Sinclair are the Supreme Court, what a wonderfully improved country this will be, and how very, very happy shall be our lot if we have the great good fortune to be living in it!—Harper's Weekly.

Bi-Partisan Newspapers.

At the joint banquet of the Associated Press and the American Newspaper Publishers' Association in New York last week, Mr. William Jennings Bryan made a suggestion, outside the realm of politics, which deserves attention. Mr. Bryan sketched the newspaper of the future as a journal of strict independence. But that independence would be realized, more by a policy of bi-partisanship than of non-partisanship. He advocated the elimination of the impersonal editorial writer, making the radical suggestion that the sacred editorial column be surrendered to representatives of each of the parties, who should sign their names to their discourses. Thus the reader would be supplied with parallel opinions from both sides of any question, and could "make allowance for partisanship and weigh argument against argument."

Mr. Bryan would make the editorial page of a newspaper as broad and as flat as the pages devoted to the news. The latter are supposed to be devoid of prejudice—the harbingers of such "unbiased, uncolored truth" as Mr. Bryan gave the Associated Press due credit for carrying. As a matter of fact, however, only a very few papers in the country are content with the "unbiased, uncolored truth." The great newspapers by no means depend only on the Associated Press for their news; they have their special correspondents not only at Washington, but in all the centers of population, and it is the duty of these correspondents to be familiar with the policies of the papers they serve, and to tune their dispatches to the key demanded. Moreover, there are few, even of the greatest newspapers, which scrupulously

guard their news columns devoted to local events from the taint of personal interest. Nine great newspapers out of ten are the property of millionaires, and the majority of owners, unfortunately, acquire interests beyond their newspapers, and it is profitable to conserve such interests. There are also but few publishers who do not permit their personal likes and dislikes, their passions and their prejudices, to become a factor in dealing with news that affects their friends or their enemies, more particularly the latter. Los Angeles, indeed, possesses a most formidable example of the intrusion of personal feeling into the news published by a journal which is probably the most profitable newspaper—on its investment—in the world. This most successful publisher has come to be known as "the town bully," and is the proud custodian of a "black book," in which are inscribed the names of all who have offended his mightiness, while his staff is instructed to pillory, defame or ignore all the proscribed as opportunity provides. These conditions are recounted, because they seem to prove that readers are by no means unanimous in craving for "unbiased, uncolored truth," even in the news columns.

Mr. Bryan's suggestion would destroy such individuality as remains on the editorial pages of newspapers. It was the strength of such individuality that distinguished the leading newspapers of a former generation, and it is in the remnants of such individuality that alone any real interest in editorial expression is found. Mr. Bryan's idea of presenting "double-faced" editorials would prove neither convincing nor popular. The reader appreciates an editorial, even if opposed to his own opinions, provided it is written with vigor or wit. Nor is there any merit in the presumption that readers are not sufficiently familiar with the views of all parties on any question of importance. In any newspaper of any serious proportions as much space will be devoted during the coming campaign to the utterances of Mr. Bryan as to those of Mr. Taft.

The innovation proposed by Mr. Bryan would destroy instead of strengthen a newspaper's independence. To make the editorial columns bi-partisan would annihilate the newspaper's individuality and would render it devoid of character. It is obvious that the publication of opinions balanced against each would leave the newspaper without any opinion whatever. Of course such a process would not be without advantage to statesmen and politicians. Mr. Bryan, for example, would not be subjected to attack without the benefit of parallel apology. Genuine criticism would be at an end. Perhaps, in Mr. Bryan's case, "the wish was father to the thought," but if he desires to make an experiment, why not offer the freedom of the columns of "The Commoner" to Mr. Taft?

What Ails Stanford?

The recurrence of trouble with the students at Stanford University—on a smaller scale than the original insurrection it is true and less threatening from every aspect—makes it patent that there must be some sort of an investigation and readjustment at the institution before it will regain public confidence. Stanford University is properly a subject of investigation by some constituted authority because it is the recipient of public

favours. It pays no taxes. Its governing board may hold that it is a private institution and not subject to inquiry but the point is not well taken.

Stanford University has always enjoyed a high degree of public favor in Southern California. It has been ranked by many as a better institution than the University of California—why is inexplicable and need not be discussed here. What is done at Stanford, therefore, becomes of moment to the hundreds of parents in Southern California whose sons and daughters are attending that university.

The trouble with Stanford, we believe, is more deeply rooted than in a mild uprising of students. A university, to be such in fact as well as name, must have a free and untrammelled faculty. This is not true of Stanford; never has been true since Mrs. Stanford interfered with the teaching force some years ago and laid down the rules of orthodoxy and heterodoxy in political economy. When a professor is interfered with in the proper discharge of his life work, the usefulness of the institution is seriously hampered if not at an end.

The range of discussion permissible in political economy is practically without limit—or should be. This can best be illustrated by a specific instance. Twenty-two years ago this spring a class in political economy at the University of California contained two members who afterward achieved more than passing fame. The professor in charge was Bernard Moses, afterward on the Philippine Commission, and an able disciple of the school of John Stuart Mill. The two students in question were Franklin K. Lane, now Interstate Commerce Commissioner and Adolph C. Miller, now professor of Political Economy at the University of Chicago. Both were eager students; both seekers for the truth. At the close of many lectures there was an open forum at which Lane—who as Professor Moses put it was "an able disciple of the school of Henry George"—took open issue with the teachings of the Mill school. The discussions usually developed into a three-sided "clinch," the participants being Moses, Lane and Miller. At the close of the term Lane was given the highest possible grading, although he differed radically from the theories advanced by Professor Moses. It is doubtful if any class in political economy at Berkeley ever had such a thorough turning over.

That is the principle which underlies any university training worth mentioning. A university student is supposed to have enough brains to think; the days of the poll-parrot of the public schools are supposed to be over.

The chief trouble at Stanford, we believe, is that a nice comfortable groove has been scooped out, along which the students and faculty must slide. There have been occasions in times past when certain members of the faculty, with enough independence to think for themselves, have declined to go along this greased pathway of canned thought. The custom at Stanford has hitherto been to slide these dissenters—none too gently—into the outer world.

Entirely in harmony with the policy of the institution in enforcing discipline among the students, we believe that the time is nearly at hand for an investigation of the

institution itself. Stanford is in no position to decline to submit to such a call. It cannot hope to occupy the position of any of the denominational schools.

Worth Considering.

Of late "Collier's Weekly," the leading weekly publication of the United States, has been making an inquiry into the liquor trade of the country. Its conclusions are that a general cleaning up of the saloon business must come from the brewers and the wholesale liquor dealers, who in many localities have it in their power to lay a heavy hand upon the disorderly saloon. In the course of a recent editorial on the subject, "Collier's" says:

"Chicago is the comedy relief—a comedy of illogic—to the serious anti-saloon fight. The people of that city, naturally liberal in their tendencies, do not wish the saloons closed on Sunday; the reformers, against the will of the majority, wish them closed; wherefore these reformers have raked up an Illinois State law almost forgotten. When rebuked, they answer, 'It is the law.' But when urged to countenance the amendment of the law so that Chicago's citizens may express their individual desires on Sunday closing, they respond: 'You already have a law on the State statute books.' The liberals, clustered about Mayor Busse, say airily, 'We don't give a — if it is the law; the people don't want it; we won't enforce it; and what are you going to do about it?' A philosopher of Chicago, regarding the fight from the grand stand, remarked: 'If either side would only keep its mouth shut, it would win hands down. On Monday the Liberty League gets out a poster—and loses five thousand votes. Fine for the dregs on Tuesday. But on Wednesday they send a communication to the press and lose six thousand. If I took a job managing either end of the campaign, I would start with a requisition for five hundred gags.'

"Chicago, which probably does not want the saloons closed, even on Sunday, and rural Illinois, which showed pretty clearly in the late elections that it wanted the saloons closed every day, have run against one of the cruxes in the saloon problem. How large, in justice, should we make the unit of control? There is Alabama, for example. The state has voted dry by an overwhelming majority. Mobile, the metropolis, differs from the rest of the state in feeling, and in character of population. And yet Mobile no more desires prohibition than New York desires it. Yet the law, state wide, will go into effect on the first of January and the rustic of Lee county will dictate in manners and morals to the cosmopolite of Mobile. Prohibition will prohibit and does prohibit in rural Alabama, but no one expects that the law in the face of popular hostility will be more than half successful in Mobile. It seems an absolute injustice on the face of it. The prohibitionist has his answer ready. 'Leave Mobile wet,' he says, 'and you leave a festering spot to corrupt the rest of the state; from Mobile the jug houses and wholesale stores would ship their poison to the rural districts; from Mobile the bootleggers would draw their supplies. We must dry up Mobile to protect Alabama.' There you have both sides. How large should the unit be? This is one of the toughest questions that the future has to face."

Wherein the Difference

(Continued from Page 2)

relationship to the general welfare of the community. It came into existence twenty years ago and from the beginning has been a vital force, at all times commanding the public respect and holding in its hand the very remarkable power to consolidate public opinion with respect to any important matter. It has twenty-four hundred members representative of everything worth while in the business life of Los Angeles. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, representing a community double in point of numbers and many times richer, has only six hundred members. It is a common presumption at San Francisco that the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce monopolizes the public spirit of the community, but upon investigation I find that this is not the fact. In Los Angeles as in San Francisco there are many other organizations of business men, the difference between the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and our own being that it is intensely alive and that it has a history of splendid achievement. It has made its own the broad field of community responsibility unprovided for in the State and municipal schemes. It assumes the important function of advertising the country abroad. It has organized and engineered the movements which in recent years have brought so many popular conventions to Los Angeles. It has made its own the project of a Los Angeles port, and has been vastly instrumental in securing government aid for San Pedro. It took up the movement many years ago for tariff protection of citrus fruits and carried it to a successful issue. From the start the Chamber of Commerce has been in the hands of the most progressive element of Los Angeles and today it commands their absolute adhesion and support. It combines intense energy with a discretion which has avoided the pitfalls which commonly prove fatal to popular associations. Perhaps if the whole truth were told the merit of this continued success lies with the very unusual man who under the title of Secretary has been the leading spirit of the chamber for fifteen years or more.

Observing the respect in which the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce stands and the many avenues through which it reaches out to sustain and enlarge the interest of the community, many have wondered if it would be possible to create such an association in San Francisco. While in Los Angeles last week I sought an answer to this question by looking rather carefully into the constitution and the methods of the chamber; and my conclusion was that such an association is possible only in connection with the kind of local enthusiasm which not uncommonly exists in new communities, but which is rarely found in an old one. Los Angeles, while a real city and a very important one, is hardly a city in the sense that San Francisco is. Los Angeles is still in that stage of development when the interest of every man in business is largely that of community growth. Business in Los Angeles is still to a very considerable extent a speculation—that is to say, a speculative element enters into everything, and speculation looks to expansion. Now in San Francisco nobody except stock gamblers and the owners of realty is figuring much in the field of speculation. Our merchants are not discounting the future; our banks have no side-door relations to the real estate market. With us business and commerce are on an established basis. Partly because of the conditions I have described and partly on account of our history and inheritance, there has grown up in San Francisco a spirit as different as could possibly be conceived from that which prevails at Los Angeles. And I am frank to say that in spite of certain deficiencies due to lack of co-operation, I like the San Francisco spirit better. I think on the whole that it produces stronger individual figures and perhaps makes a stronger though much less pliable community life. There are many things in Los Angeles which San Francisco would be the better for; but I don't believe that anybody familiar with the San Francisco spirit in all its conditions and tendencies would be willing to exchange it for a spirit which, however effective at many points,

is nevertheless in its essential character that of a new and relatively speculative community. There is a point where the "pull-together" spirit, admirable though it is upon many considerations, becomes the mark of conditions and tendencies which do not make either for wisdom or for dignity. The spirit of San Francisco to a degree approximates that of New York, of Boston, and in some sense that of the leading Old World cities. The spirit of Los Angeles is identical with that of Chicago. It has accomplished tremendous things, but I doubt if it has made a city which if stricken as San Francisco was two years ago, and tried as San Francisco has been during the past two troubled years, could rise above losses and griefs and stand relatively firm as San Francisco stands today. None the less it would be exceedingly gratifying if the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce might take note of some things done by the Los Angeles chamber and shape its policies by the light of Los Angeles experience.

Bankers as a class are notoriously wise and self-sufficient. And yet there come now and again a reminder that bankers are not infallible. In my judgment, certain savings banks of San Francisco are making a serious mistake from the standpoint of community interest in their dealings with Los Angeles borrowers. Los Angeles owes to the savings banks of San Francisco, so I am told, approximately \$18,000,000. And I am further told that the disposition seems general to call in these loans as they fall due. Los Angeles borrowers, to meet demands upon them from San Francisco, are seeking to raise funds elsewhere, and in spite of the general tightness of the money market are succeeding fairly well in doing it. Now the significance of this is plain enough; it means that San Francisco through the policy of her banks is to some extent sacrificing her relations with Los Angeles. It means, too, that Los Angeles in her efforts to get capital at the East to pay her San Francisco obligations, is to an extent establishing connections elsewhere. Now, a great commercial and capitalistic center like San Francisco may suffer great losses, even such as San Francisco has suffered, and still survive provided she maintains her general financial and business connections. To lose accumulated capital is less serious than to lose the connections which lead to the creation of capital. All this is very elementary, and yet it seems necessary that the lesson should be enforced upon certain San Francisco bankers who through their lack of resource or in their timidity, or both, are terminating relationships which ought to be maintained and strengthened.

In spite of her losses, San Francisco is still a city of great wealth. She has gained this wealth primarily through her connection with the productive empire of California, including Southern California. By all means it should be the policy of San Francisco to hold fast to every influence which binds her to the other communities of California, above all to Los Angeles. Only under circumstances of positive necessity ought the savings banks of San Francisco to call in their Los Angeles loans. It would be far better to maintain the relationships of which these obligations are the visible sign, even if it should be necessary to go far afield in seeking for money. In financial situations like that which now prevails it is the natural inclination of every banker to "tighten up," but it is possible to sit so snug as to break down connections of almost value. Let San Francisco have a care to hold the relationships out of which her commercial and financial fortunes originally were built.

A fact which meets the observer at every turn in Southern California is this, namely, that pretty much everybody has come from somewhere. In the course of a week at Los Angeles I met only one mature person native born, a young woman who told me that she first saw the light in East Los Angeles at a time when the largest part of the community lived on the "far side of the Los Angeles river." Broadly speaking, all are newcomers, and by far the greater number from the Middle West. It is very largely a population American born and with American antecedents. The social type is distinctly Western, and by

Western I mean Middle Western. It has energy, ambition, self-confidence in plenty. The average Los Angeles man has not gotten so far away from the traditions, sentiments and faiths which controlled American life half a century ago as the average man of San Francisco. One has only to walk through the streets on Sunday to discover that church life is at Los Angeles a rather more vital thing than with us. Everybody goes to church and—mostly to the evangelical churches. With us the church-goers are mostly Catholics. The Congregationalists, the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, have enormous edifices and demand for their service first-class pulpit talent, with this difference, that the demand for "power" is stronger than the demand for dignity. A preacher who with us would be thought a little too noisy to accord with the spirit of reverence perfectly fills the ideal of Los Angeles. It is the Western spirit, virulent, energetic, capable, and thorough-going, but not too sensitive on the side of the conventions. Let me say frankly that I think the moral quality of Los Angeles is better than that of San Francisco. I think there is more respect for sacred and serious things; at the same time I think there is less sensibility of a certain advanced kind than with us. I tried to imagine the San Francisco bohemian element as it existed before the fire, domesticated at Los Angeles, but without being able even to conceive the picture. In truth, such an element would be as completely misplaced at Los Angeles and as incapable of finding a living as at Keokuk, Iowa, or Evansville, Indiana. The genius of Los Angeles is Western, material, moral—it has much to commend it in comparison with the genius of San Francisco—but it is a whole generation behind in some aspects of social development. The moral spirit of the community with its sturdy American independence and sense of justice is what more interests me because I see in it extraordinary potentialities. I like the spirit which frowns upon a licentious press, which will not bend the knee to labor unionism, which openly condemns the grosser aspects of the liquor traffic. I have hopes that these people, guided by a deep-seated sense of Americanism, will escape some of the pitfalls into which San Francisco has stumbled at various stages of her career. And when Los Angeles shall have taken on the things which come with years and with the loss of that Western self-consciousness now so marked, I believe that the general standards of community life will be higher than with us. I believe that a city built on a foundation of American character, holding fast to American standards, will ultimately come to better things in a moral sense than one whose formative period suffered the shocks which came to San Francisco in the flush days of her lusty youth.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

Children's pictures in characteristic attitudes

Carbons—Platinotypes—Etchings

Awarded Eighteen Medals

Unquestionable Artistic Endorsements

Heckel

Studio and Art Gallery 336 1/2 South Broadway

The Exhibit of Indian Heads by E. A. Burbank the artist who has made an especial study of the aborigine, will be open every day until May 4.

By the Way

A Juicy Carcass.

Wherever there is lying loose in the open a fine large juicy carcass, there will soon be hovering about and roosting over it a select lot of birds, each gathering from the carcass all possible sustenance for themselves.

Nothing Personal.

I mean nothing personal in making the comparison, but the analogy is there. When the so-called Los Angeles Harbor Railroad Co., fathered by A. C. Bird and F. C. Wintrode, put in its application for a right of way along the river bed, I objected to giving these men \$1,000,000 offhand. I object now. It makes no difference what specious promises may be put forth by Francis J. Thomas, who is trying to get this franchise for Messrs. Bird and Wintrode. The cardinal point is that these men are engaged in the fascinating game of getting something for nothing. With a stake of this size in sight, they will all promise to deliver their heads and souls—but they will not.

Thomas's Offer.

Mr. Thomas, in behalf of his clients, makes these provisions:

"1—That in case the franchise applied for is granted, the city may purchase the road at any time after five years, and before ten years, and that if the price cannot be agreed upon, it may be submitted to arbitration."

That has a familiar sound. The city of Los Angeles once had a private corporation on the back of its waterworks. The city did not get any the better of the deal that was eventually made; the stockholders of the water company held the same opinion. "Arbitration" sounds well, but means nothing with a public company, such as the "Los Angeles Harbor Railway" sets out to be. The courts are always open to defeat any arbitration that may be agreed upon. The provision has a joker in it.

"2—That after five years the company will pay to the city 2 per cent. of the gross earnings annually, if the road is not purchased."

Why two per cent. after five years. Will it require five years to build about twenty-five miles of road?

"3—That provisions may be inserted in the franchise for the use of the road on equal terms with the company."

Sounds nice, but can be manipulated by any railroad manager in America to suit his own ends.

Bell.

Attracted by the size of this particular bit of special privilege comes another claimant, one Joseph Bell. The directory contains the name of but one Joseph Bell, a teamster, and this is probably too large an enterprise for a teamster to handle. Mr. Bell admits that he is a promoter with offices in the Central building. He says that he hasn't the money to handle his enterprise, but says he can "finance" it. He wants a twenty-year franchise, and his idea is to cover the river bed with an elevated railway. Good for Joseph Bell! His ambitions are lofty—for him-

self. Anybody can "finance" such a scheme as he proposes.

Birthrights.

There was once a gentleman by the name of Esau. He sold his birthright to Jacob for a mess of pottage. There is a city named Los Angeles. Private corporations have wheedled from it most of its birthright; let us see now if the City Council will give away, for honeyed words and fine arguments, one of the few valuable things remaining common property. If the Council does this thing, let the citizens in the low-lying districts along the river bed enjoin any meddling; let the referendum be invoked. The people in the district adjoining the river bed have the right to insist that the waterway be kept open. Remember—nine feet of water on the site of the Salt Lake depot in the year of the big flood, 1889-90.

Food Show Afternoon and Evening.

School Expenses.

When General Otis, to satisfy a personal grudge against Superintendent Moore of the public works, attacked the policy of the school board and the management of school finances, he precipitated a struggle that will leave scars. General Otis has obtained an unexpected ally in City Auditor Mushet. The school board has met the issue plainly and has demanded that the council restore to the board \$60,733.77 cut from the estimates. This demand is backed by an opinion of the city attorney that the funds must be forthcoming. During the controversy in the council chamber there were hot words between Joseph Scott and Superintendent Moore on the one hand, and Mr. Mushet on the other. H. W. Frank, whose business acumen is probably not matched by the combined councilmanic intellects, ended the controversy by saying that the school board had managed its finances as business men should. The council finance committee had cut the board's estimate on general principles from \$426,000 to \$400,000, and then discovering that the board had saved \$35,000 from the previous year to make necessary repairs, had cut the appropriation \$35,000 more.

Bluffing for Money.

The colloquy between Mr. Frank and Councilman Wallace, who is chairman of the finance committee gave an interesting side light on how city money can be wheedled from the finance committee. Mr. Wallace all but admitted that the department that makes the loudest roar about its necessities is the one that gets away with the coin. Because Mr. Frank presented his estimate of \$426,000 in a modest manner, the finance committee thought the board could do with less. Mr. Wallace should have had enough perception in dealing with Mr. Frank to have realized that Mr. Frank was no political rounder intent on obtaining money to provide "jobs" for the "boys;" but in making up the estimates that idea does not seem to have penetrated the Wallace understanding. Because Mr. Frank did not set up a great howl at the reduction, Mr. Wallace

reasoned that the cut was probably what was coming to the school board.

Logic.

All department heads will hereafter take note that as long as A. J. Wallace is at the head of the finance committee, the proper thing to do is to yell for what you want. The loudest mouthed will carry off the per-simmon.

Mushet.

Frequently I am in sympathy with the policies of City Auditor Mushet; occasionally I am not. This is one of the occasions when Mr. Mushet should revise his creed. Giving him credit for the best intentions in the world, it was neither fit nor proper for him to pursue the course of a fourth rate gumshoe sleuth in dealing with the board of education. That he did so is unquestionably due to a mental attitude that has been growing on him, perhaps unawares. When Mr. Mushet went into the city auditor's office all the annoyances that ingenuity could devise were tried out on him. His dealings with various departments and sundry contractors were, to say the least, harassing. Mr. Mushet has brought himself into such a state of mind that he might reasonably suspect his grandmother of conspiracy to go after the public purse. It is not a happy attitude. Most men are honest, as Mr. Mushet knows, but is not ready to accept officially, it seems. Mr. Mushet is an able auditor and has done his best for the city—no question about that—but there is a difference in dealing with jobbers and with men of impeccable character and known financial ability. Perhaps Mr. Mushet's vision is not yet so badly warped that he may be able to discern this difference.

Free Samples, Free Entertainment—Food Show.

Grand-Master Stephens.

More Masonic honors were heaped last week on the devoted head of Mr. William D. Stephens, who despite his innate modesty has risen rapidly to the top mark of "prominent citizens" of Los Angeles. Mr. Stephens was elected to the highest office in the Grand Commandery Knights Templar of California at its fiftieth annual conclave held in San Francisco. Other Los Angeles Masons highly honored were Albert A. Caldwell, elected grand captain general and Will A. Hammel, grand junior warden.

Ingersoll's Shock.

Jonathan Ingersoll of the Southern Pacific is a dignified individual, averse to display of feelings, and always correct in his deportment, says a writer in the San Francisco "Call." During the fleet celebration in Los Angeles he had equally proper guests as himself from Boston, and to them was showing the city from a street car. To his immeasurable horror a brave though inebriated sailor boarded the car and, throwing his arms around Ingersoll's neck, cried:

"Hulloa, Matey, I'm with you all the time. You look a good fellow. Just like one of

us. What ship are you on? Many and many a time we've been in the brig, eh? Now come and let us get a drink for the sake of old times."

And he proceeded to drag Ingersoll off the car. It was only by the violent exertions of his friends that Ingersoll escaped the hospitality with nothing worse than ruffled feelings and disordered raiment.

Food Show. Fiesta Park, Twelfth and Grand.

W. Scott (Windy) Smith.

Without any comment, and without prejudice I re-publish a dispatch from Pittsburg to the San Francisco "Chronicle." I take it from the San Francisco "Chronicle" because in this way "local color" is avoided. The dispatch reads:

W. P. Killen, formerly of Los Angeles, Cal., now secretary of the Pacific Coast Travel Company with offices in Pittsburg, has been placed under arrest charged with misdemeanor and the right of his association to do business in Pennsylvania is attacked. The technical charge of "not being registered and incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania" is made against the Pacific Coast Travel Association.

W. Scott Smith of Los Angeles, Western manager of the association, appears as the leading spirit. In flashy literature it was set forth that, while the main offices would be at Pittsburg and Los Angeles, that other offices had been established at San Francisco, Portland, Seattle and Tacoma. It was also set forth that the Board of Trade at Los Angeles and Long Beach, and at Tacoma, had indorsed the Pacific Coast Travel Association, whose object seemed to be to encourage travel to the Coast, the sale of lands, etc. For \$50 one could buy membership in the association. When two citizens, becoming suspicious, were refused their \$50 back, they reported to Detective Richard Kiley, who wired the Boards of Trade at Los Angeles, Long Beach and Tacoma, receiving word in reply that the Pacific Coast Travel Association was unknown, so far as these bodies were concerned; that they had surely never indorsed any such project. Then the police arrested Killen, who was given a hearing and placed under \$1000 bail.

The police, in attacking the Pacific Coast Travel Association declare that the tone of the literature given out is misleading, while it is not claimed directly that the persons are interested on the Coast, it is set forth in a statement regarding the business qualifications of W. Scott Smith that he "was formerly connected" in business with Governor Gillett, of California, Henry E. Huntington, Luther Burbank, Thomas E. Gibbon, U. S. Grant, Frank A. Miller and Judge Frank A. Short. This, with the false statement in pamphlet form that different Coast organizations had indorsed the project, caused the police to act.

His "Connections."

I can imagine the wrath of Henry E. Huntington at discovering his name mixed up with this mess. Smith appears to have used Mr. Huntington's name because, at one time, some of the officers of the Pacific Electric Company were very sweet on Windy Smith's "Development Society of California." What business connection existed between these officers and Windy Smith a rather curious public has never been able to ascertain. Certain it is that Mr. Huntington was never connected in a business way with this loud-mouthed citizen. I am at a loss to account for the use of the names of Governor Gillett and Luther Burbank. Supposedly U. S. Grant's name is used because he was a material contributor to the "Development Society." Thomas E. Gibbon was sufficiently interested in Smith to attempt to make the rough places smooth for him but I doubt if the "connection" resulted in the transaction of much financial business between Mr. Gibbon and Smith. The final

ousting of Smith from the "Development Society" came to pass when Frank Miller attended a meeting of the "Society" or of its directors—it is immaterial which—so that Smith probably added this name to his list of "connections," trusting to the long range to prevent comment. Frank A. Short's connection with Smith and the "Development Society," as far as any one knows, was limited to advising other people to put in their money.

Food Show Afternoon and Evening.

Educational Brandy.

As long as a goodly proportion of the income of Stanford University is derived from the sale of "Vina" brandy the consistency of the attack of the governing body of the university on the demon rum is open to question. In referring to the troubles at Stanford some weeks ago I pointed out this curious fact. Now Lester Payne, in "Town Talk," says: "The demon has been banished. Which reminds some of the early graduates that when the college revenue was tied up years ago, at the time of the Government suit against the Central Pacific Railroad, Dr. Jordan, Professor Clark and the other members of the Indiana push had no objection to taking their salaries out of the money obtained from the sale of Vina brandy. This brandy was the university's only available asset in those days, and Dr. Jordan assured the students that it was very good brandy. Now there is no such thing as good brandy according to prevailing sentiment at Stanford. The university is sentimentally and physically on the water wagon and when the next row occurs it will have no artificial stimulant."

Free Samples, Free Entertainment—Food Show.

Ireland Busy.

The Rev. W. Francis Ireland, who, I am told, was one of the actuating factors in preventing the big naval parade scheduled for Easter Sunday, is "busier than a bird dog" these days. He has just spoken at a dinner given by the Baptist ministers and laity on his favorite topic, "Sabbath observance." Mr. Ireland may reasonably be expected to be much in evidence from now until the next city election."

Whose Bible?

I notice that the Rev. Harcourt Peck, who is presiding elder of the Fresno Methodist Conference, has recommended that another attempt be made to have the Bible read in the public schools. Mr. Peck thinks that the proper procedure would be to persuade some teacher to read the Bible, so that a test case could be made; he wants a fund of \$500 to meet expenses, and the Ministerial Union has a committee consisting of Rev. Mr. Nave (Methodist), Rev. J. J. Pritchett (Methodist South), Rev. A. C. Smither (Christian), Rev. J. Q. A. Henry (Baptist), Rev. N. L. Howell and T. C. Horton (Presbyterian) and Rev. J. J. Ross (United Presbyterian) on the quest for the money. All of which is interesting; almost as interesting as the question, "Whose Bible is to be read?" Shall it be the Bible of the Protestants, the Catholics, or the Jews? Or shall it be the Koran or the writings of Confucius? I admit to a deal of curiosity in this matter. Naturally the odd hundred sects will an-

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The collection of these rugs and carpets at the "California" is very interesting. We invite you to come and see it.

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swer "Our Bible, of course." This is a matter that ought to be dropped; the sooner the better for all concerned.

Food Show. Fiesta Park, Twelfth and Grand.

Hallett.

I am in receipt of a circular letter from the California Anti-Race Track League asking for support in the fight of this league against the tracks now in operation in this State. The circular bears the name of Eugene R. Hallett, once of Los Angeles, and now a newspaper publisher in Berkeley. The League by the way, has its headquarters in the university city. Mr. Hallett's circular reads like an "Express" editorial. The League, to quote its own words, proposes to "raise such a storm of protest" against the race tracks that "the State Legislature will not dare turn a deaf ear to their demands, and refuse to legislate against this evil."

Hallett's English.

Eugene Hallett always could wield a ready pen, but I would suggest to him that in making his race track fight he abandon the style of the "Express" and come out with the specific language that counts. In making a fight against a track the concrete and not the abstract is desired.

Food Show Afternoon and Evening.

Journalist Jeffries.

During the ever memorable fleet week no figure among the hosts loomed so large or proved so indefatigable as that of my famous fellow-townsmen, James J. Jeffries. As long ago predicted in these columns, Jeffries

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Parlor, living-room and library pieces in the popular Old Colonial and some splendid English designs. Odd chairs and rockers — beautiful specimens of the cabinet makers art. You should see them.



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Denver, Colo.	55.00	Philadelphia, Pa.	108.50
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was distinctively the great attraction that Los Angeles had to offer the sailors. No measure nor manner of entertainment could approach the joy of clasping the most famous fist in the world. The heavy-weight was up early and down late throughout the week of festivities, and on the evening of the third day he confessed to "taking the count" for the first time in his life. His hand had been shaken so often and so robustly, he had written so many autographs and dispensed so many beverages, that he was actually "knocked out." But, each day, after refereeing the sailors' boxing bouts he hit the typewriter for a few minutes and produced five or six hundred words of picturesque slang reporting. His expert opinions, sauced with the jargon of the ring and the argot of the rialto, were dished up in inimitable style by the Hearst papers throughout the country as the most interesting feature of the Fleet festivities. But, gentle reader, do you suppose that James J. Jeffries was actually the author of a single sentence in these slang-classics? I do not know the secret of their composition, but I have a shrewd suspicion that the timely presence in this neighborhood of one, C. E. Van Loan, had not a little to do with these most remarkable performances—outside the ring—in the career of James J. Jeffries.

Free Samples, Free Entertainment—Food Show.

Maud Durrant.

All of the San Francisco papers have been making a great to-do over the discovery that Maud Allen, the dancer who has electrified London with the "Vision of Salome," an interpretation of Oscar Wilde's famous dance of the Seven Veils, is in reality Maud Durrant, sister of Theodore Durrant. Durrant it may be remembered was the medical student who was hanged by the introduction of the poorest sort of circumstantial evidence for the crime of killing Blanche Lamont. The Lamont girl's body was found in the tower of one of the Baptist churches of San Francisco, following the slaying of another young woman, in the downstairs portion of the church.

What Use.

If "Maud Allen" is in reality Maud Durrant, what use is there in calling up the Durrant case? Maud Durrant was in Europe studying music when Theodore Durrant was arrested. She did not come home for the trial nor was she in America when the sentence was carried out. After Durrant's body was refused burial or cremation by every cemetery around San Francisco, it was brought to Pasadena and there cremated; and the Durrants, father and mother, sank from public view. I lived in San Francisco at the time, and it always seemed to me that more people about that church besides Theodore Durrant—if he knew at all—were aware of the truth about Blanche Lamont's disappearance before her nude body was found in the church tower. Appraising circumstantial evidence at its true value, I have always thought that Theodore Durrant's execution was brought about by the slenderest of evidential threads.

Her Triumph.

One of the Northern papers publishes what

purports to be a letter from Maud Durrant to a school girl acquaintance. First, reflecting on the good taste of the recipient of that letter in letting it get into any newspaper, a part of that letter is worth re-printing. The writer says: "I feel that I am now in a position to tell you of myself. London—the great big London—has accepted me. Critics say I am the rival of Genée. All these years of struggle and work have won their reward. Sometimes when the whole house is cheering and the applause makes me dizzy, I wish my old San Francisco friends could witness my triumph." There is a note in that part of the letter which makes the blood tingle.

Clemmons.

This blast of dissent from the policy of the yellow newspapers is not primarily due to the re-hashing of the Durrant case by the San Francisco newspapers; it has its origin with "Leslie's Weekly." Now "Leslie's" is a fine old trust defender. It believes that corporate wealth can do no wrong and that when the eagle on a dollar raises its voice, the proletariat should tremble. Of all publications in the United States "Leslie's" is least likely to exhibit a splash of yellow—but the last issue shows a fine blotch of this color. "Leslie's" publishes a photograph of Katherine Clemmons Gould's sister and her Chinese husband at the door of their tent home in San Francisco. The photograph was taken by Louis J. Stelman, a former Los Angeles newspaper man who has been in San Francisco for some years. Now everybody who is supposedly informed knew that Katherine Clemmons Gould's sister had married a Chinese. Before her marriage she had lived in one of the suburbs southeast of Oakland and no one living in that vicinity was surprised when she made that rather surprising marriage. If the object of "Les-

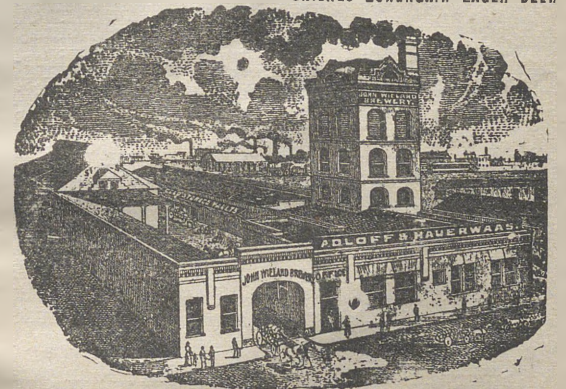
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lie's Weekly" was to give aid and comfort to the Gould family and to prejudice public opinion against Mrs. Katherine Clemmons Gould in her divorce troubles with Howard Gould, the act was that of a dastard. Of what use, I ask again, is it to rake up these matters and parade them before the public? No good is thereby effected; nothing gained by opening up sores that are a sufficient trial for those who bear them, without a newspaper continually wielding the pepper box and vinegar cruet.

Food Show. Fiesta Park, Twelfth and Grand.

Topsy-Turvy Reform.

Paterson, New Jersey, is bent on establishing a unique reputation. For the last decade it has borne the unenviable fame of being the hotbed of anarchists and the volcano of revolutionary propaganda. But Paterson's Board of Aldermen, although they have permitted the publication of such outrageous sheets as "La Question Sociale" within the city limits, have passed an ordinance prohibiting theatrical posters depicting women in "tights." Nor was it the modesty alone of the Patersonians that was so rudely shocked. The aldermen have also placed a ban on posters of the "blood and thunder" type. It would appear that Paterson's reformers have taken hold of the wrong end of reform. Why object to "blood and thunder" pictures on the dead walls, illustrating stage life only, when damnable plots against actual life are hatched in Paterson? The passage of the anti-poster ordinance is the result of a movement started by Paterson's ministers. It would be far more

important if the Paterson clergy had started a crusade to rid their city of the noisome pestilence of anarchists than of objectionable theatrical posters.

FOR SALE—Hardware and plumbing business, 1330 West Pico Street. Will sell the stock of hardware at invoice, or the business as it stands, including good will in jobbing trade. Business established over seventeen years; only reason for selling other line of business. Good long lease, and low rent. Apply at premises and investigate this fine chance.

Democratic Contest.

It is all very well for four or five leaders to get together in some back room and make up a primary ticket, as the leaders of the Democratic League have done, but nine times in ten the voters—particularly Democratic voters—will repudiate the hatching at the polls. So it is that I expect the Cole wing of the party to make a clean sweep at the primaries. Its nominees will be "regular" and made by caucus. This is the time honored Democratic way. There will be no drawing the line on anybody—no fixing things behind doors. The battle that is raging among the Democrats will bring out the full registered Democratic vote and will result in the success of the regulars and the overthrow of the Burke-Moore-Simons faction.

Democratic Club.

There probably never was any more poker played in the Democratic Club's rooms than in any other club in the city; but in deference to the clamor in the newspapers the directors of the club have decided to stop poker and "twenty-one." "Scott" and "pinochle" are permissible. I cannot repress a smile at the virtuous indignation of the "Express" at the poker games that were going at the club—in view of Mr. E. T. Earl's poker record at the Bolsa Chica Club and the fact that he was seen in a poker game at Lake Tahoe. Perhaps these games had the sanction of the Ministerial Union and the Church Federation.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

Smith.

The Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles has added this wreath to the decorations adorning Hon. S. C. Smith, member of Congress from the Eighth District:

Resolved, that the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce denounces S. C. Smith, representative in Congress from the Eighth District of the State, for his unfair and untruthful statements in Congress concerning the water enterprises of the city of Los Angeles, the most important and extensive work of its kind ever undertaken in the west, and for his hostile and malicious opposition to the Forestry Bureau, which, under the administration of the Honorable Gilbert C. Parker, has been conducted upon the wise and just principle that the remaining natural resources of this country should be conserved for the use and benefit of the people.

Fee Hunting Constables.

All taxpayers are interested in a case which has been submitted to the appellate

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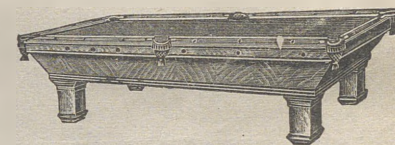
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- ☐ It is the Oldest and Largest Savings Bank in the Southwest.
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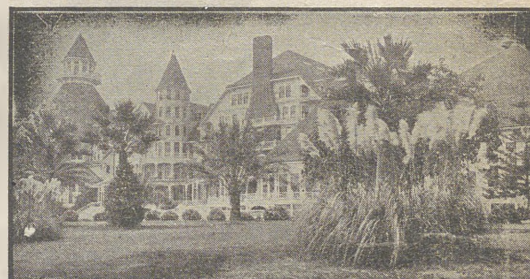
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Cafe Bristol appeals to discriminating people.

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CALIFORNIA
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Best in the World

Awarded Prize Medals at Paris, St. Louis, Buffalo, Omaha, Portland and Jamestown.

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CAWSTON
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Have the Best
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All brands of recognized merit—whether Foreign or Domestic—have a place in this stock. I make catering to the best class of Family Trade a specialty. Telephone and your order will be delivered anywhere.

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WINE MERCHANT

Main 88 ; Home 38 ; 129-131 N. Main Street

TO GIVE YOU

A delicious Port we spare neither time nor expense in producing the Good Samaritan Port Wine. \$1.00 a bottle. Never sold in bulk.

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744 So. Spring St.

518 So. Main Street

LEVY'S CAFE

N. W. CORNER THIRD and MAIN

The Best Conducted Cafe and Restaurant on the Pacific Coast. :: ::

Business Men's Lunch Daily—40 Cents,
Which Includes Coffee, Tea, Beer, or
Wine. Entrance on Main.

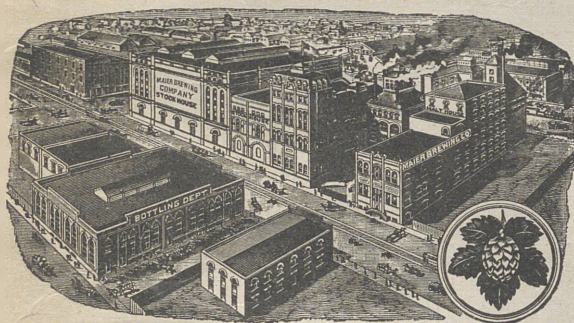
Prof. Ferdinand Stark; and his fine orchestra every
evening from 6 to 8 and from 9:45 to 12:15.
Cars run to all parts of the city and Pasadena.

Hotel Frisco

317½ South Main Street

H. Y. SCHOONER & CO.

"Select Brew" The Beer of
the Connoisseur



Maier Brewing Co.

440 Aliso St.

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court for decision. One Patton, constable at Oceanside, displayed much activity in hauling tramps from brake-beams—and of course piling up fees for himself. The county authorities of San Diego held that riding brake-beams is no offense and that Patton exceeded his authority. He won his case in the superior court. Policing the railroads is like a good many other things—it should call for the exercise of discretion. When a fee-hunting constable arrests everybody who looks like a brake-beam tourist, for the purpose of swelling his own purse, the limit has been overstepped. At the same time the railroads are open to reasonable protection. Common sense and fee-hunting do not go together.

Club Licenses.

No doubt the men who direct the destinies of such clubs as the California, the Jonathan, the Union League and the University, feel that a rank injustice is done in asking them to pay a liquor license; no doubt they will resist the ordinance calling for a club license. Yet they should remember that the law was drawn to reach scores of unlicensed drinking places in Los Angeles, which are incorporated and claim as much legal right to existence as the most exclusive club in the city. The "Examiner" has gone abroad interviewing prominent club men about the latest development. Of all these men but one, Mr. R. N. Bulla, appears to have any real conception of the situation. Mr. Bulla said to the "Examiner": "The Union League Club some time ago joined in a joint committee of the city clubs in an investigation of their legal standing in this respect. From a cursory examination of the law I came to the conclusion that clubs, really social organizations, were exempt from the laws Mr. Woolwine cites."

Intent.

Now if Mr. Bulla will go farther he will discover that when the constituted authorities deal with clubs, the point of "intent" is of vital moment. Decisions there are that hold that if the "intent" of club organizers is to conduct a social organization, with liquor selling merely an incidental matter, the club cannot be placed on the same footing as a liquor dealer; but if the "intent" of the club—as shown by its practices—is to exist for the sole pur-

pose of liquor selling or even if liquor selling is only one of the prime causes for its existence, then the club, in its legal status, becomes a liquor dealer.

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First-class service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

Flint.

I have received the following letter from Motley H. Flint in reference to an article which appeared last week stating that Henry Berry, manager of the baseball club, had been compelled to put up for admission to Chutes Park:

Los Angeles, Cal, April 28, 1908.

Editor "Graphic,"

My dear sir—In reference to your article on Saturday last regarding treatment of Mr. Berry, permit me to hand you herewith a letter from Mr. De Witt C. Van Court, director of the tournament at Chutes Park and physical director of the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

I beg to furthermore state that I had no business dealings whatever with Mr. Berry and never even asked him for the use of the park. My dealings were with Mr. Lehigh of the Lehigh Investment Company, from whom I leased Chutes Park at so much per day, with the understanding that I could have the use of the baseball park. Mr. Berry has never given me admission to his baseball park, nor have I ever asked him or expected same.

Very respectfully,

M. H. FLINT,

Chairman Committee to Entertain 14,000 Enlisted Men of Admiral Evans' Fleet.

Accompanying this is a letter from De Witt Van Court:

April 28, 1908.

Mr. M. H. Flint, Postmaster, L. A.

Dear Sir—An article appeared in the weekly "Graphic" of the 25th inst, in which it stated that you refused Mr. Henry Berry admission to the Chutes baseball grounds unless he paid his admission. I know as well as yourself that said article is an injustice to you as well as myself, as I personally instructed the gate-keepers, under your orders, to pass Mr. Berry, also the Los Angeles and Frisco baseball teams.

I also presented Mr. Berry with a pass myself several days before the tournament started. Trusting you will take action to have the statement corrected,

I remain sincerely yours,

D. VAN COURT.

Mott Flint's Part.

No man like Mott Flint should be un-gazetted because of his extreme reserve and unostentation; and it delights the "Graphic" partly to place him on the pedestal where he surely belongs; for no other one man—and hundreds are worthy of all praise—contributed so much toward the supreme entertainment of the officers and seamen of the Fleet as did Mr. Flint. Not a thing went wrong with which he had anything to do, and his successes along all

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lines are the talk of the town. Away back to the time he was special agent of the Postoffice Department he rendered a good account of himself, and as postmaster of Los Angeles he is on record at the Department in Washington as one of the best in the United States. As a matter of fact he is a superior man in all that the expression is intended to convey. He is rather quiet than otherwise, but he is a man of splendid executive ability, great activity, honesty of purpose and unmistakably "gets there," no matter what may be the nature of his undertaking.

The Case Against Our City as Fleet Entertainers.

Dear Editor—In the general concert of enthusiasm, patriotism and national gratitude, felt and demonstrated by the people of the Pacific Coast, in response to the visit of the Atlantic Fleet, a dissenting voice is heard from one of the monthly magazines of this city, in which the entire reception of the Fleet with its flow of emotion, broad-gauged hospitality and heartfelt fellowship, is criticized as a procedure, by which "the most fierce and brutal passions," to quote the author, "are aroused and fired by sending men out to murder one another." . . . "Instead of madly and ridiculously"—the author argues—"spending large amounts for the purpose of reviving interest in war tendencies, the horrible stirrings within us of a corpse, whose putrefactions revolt and sicken in us every fiber of the moral being, we should devote even half as much money to the edification and organization of the world for peace and brotherhood, we would be substituting sanity for hysteria"—etc.

Without questioning the noble intention and strong moral motive of those, who in an armed national defense find nothing but blood-thirsty brutality, it may be contended that the same principle which lies back of the organization of an armed city police also lies back of the maintenance of an efficient navy. The one protects peace-loving citizens from the attacks of rowdiness and burglary; the other extends similar guarantee to peace-loving nations in their efforts towards industrial and educational unfoldment.

Nor does peace come to earth because prayer folded hands are stretched skyward, and pious lips whisper fervent sentiments of good will into the blue air. Like all concrete blessings, peace is not a gift, but an attainment, and comes in response, not to prayer, but to work. As bread has to be earned in the sweat of the brow, and wisdom in the subservience of personal will to communal duties, so peace must be earned by preparing the world for its enjoyment. Only the coward asks for gifts; the man of moral courage and self-respect works for his necessities. And as the citizens of a commonwealth can enjoy the blessings of peace only by footing the bills of an armed police corps, so the citizens of an entire nation can claim the advantage of peace only by paying the maintenance of a power, under whose aegis the enjoyment of civil and public virtues have enduring guarantee over and against possible attacks of armed foreign hostility. Like Mohammed's mountain, peace does not come to us through the mysterious incantations of a conjurer, but we must come to it, by a steady advance along the path of self-reliance, civil and political wakefulness and a well-developed common sense, ever heading for the ideal goal but, like our fathers in crossing the continent, heedful of emergencies and manfully prepared to grapple with them.

Personally realized or not, this passionate cry for peace is simply the masked voice of anarchism

demanding in brutal ignorance the extension of favors and privileges, without having the power of reason to recognize the communal complexities, industrial inadequacy and educational limitations involved in the situation.

For it needs no special gift of imagination to construe a picture of the condition of this Republic, had the leaders of the fateful events that fashioned its destiny in the years 1776 and 1863—and why not of 1908?—in place of wisely but unsentimentally met the events on their own terms, spent their time and energy in prayers for peace, and left the interests of the country to take care of itself. We hear repeated to us, and not without the amplest of reasons, the terrors of war; but does not history more than once point out the terrors that have threatened the world through a cowardly submission to the culture—and manhood—destroying conditions of a false and unworthy peace?

We are all, or ought to be, students and lovers of peace. "And," to quote the words from a speech of one of the world's most successful peacemakers—President Roosevelt—"the supremacy of the American Navy is the only sure guaranty of American peace and security, and the only effectual means at present to bring about peace on earth and good will towards men. A. E. G.

"The Searchers," by Stephen K. Szymanski, is a novel with a problem and a purpose. Having for its primary object a clear and lucid argument on the scientific law of evolution, it is also interwoven with a charming love story. The book is profusely illustrated with sketches of local interest, their heroine, though born in Asia Minor, now being a resident of West Adams street.

Clover.

The suspension of the "Evening News" and the valedictory of Samuel T. Clover afforded the surprise of the week. Most of us knew that the "News" was in hard financial lines, but admitting the truth of the statement that the paper was running behind less than \$300 a week, most of us fail to see wherein the suspension was necessary. It should not have been the most difficult thing in the world to have reduced expenses to correspond with the income. A Scripps could and would have done it. Business men in other lines have reduced expenses in the last six months.

Probably Tired.

Down at the bottom the truth probably is that Mr. Clover was tired and decided to fight no more. He had conducted a clean, well-edited newspaper for three years. Finicky in some things, the "News" was unquestionably the ablest newspaper in the city. Mr. Clover had seen the advertising

Los Angeles Ry. Co.

HOW PASSENGERS CAN AVOID ACCIDENTS

There is only one safe way to get off a car—grasp the handle with the left hand and face the front end of the car, then if car should happen to start you would not be thrown. Do not attempt to get on or off car while it is in motion. After alighting, never pass around the front end of car. In passing the rear end, always be on the lookout for cars passing in opposite direction on the other track. Have no conversation with motorman. Any information desired, communicate with conductor.

CONFECTIONERY CATERING NICKEL'S

We have the largest and best assortment of Easter goods in the city. Our prices are right.

Excellent luncheon, 11:15 to 2:30 p. m.

127 South Spring St. Home Phone A 4110

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IN A CLASS BY ITSELF THE QUALITY BEER FAMILIES SUPPLIED . . .
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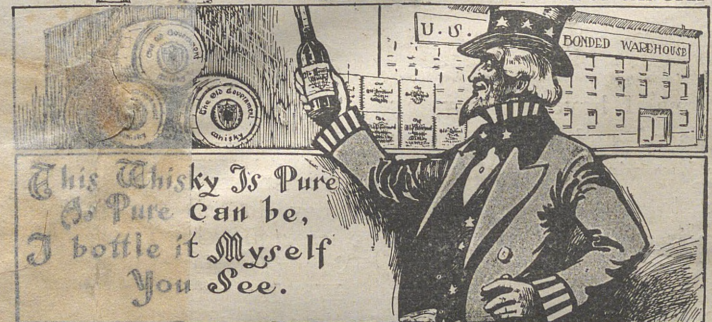
All Tracks where Racing is in Progress.

Commissions Accepted.

121 West First Street

End of Central Ave. car line Home Phone 572, Main 57
Take Vernon Car, Second and Spring Streets

The Old Government THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY



BOTTLED IN BOND - 100 PROOF - SPECIAL RESERVE, Free Bottling, 90 PROOF

A VERITABLE GASTRONOMIC ACHIEVEMENT COMMENCING NEXT
MONDAY AND KEPT UP DAILY, A BUSINESS MEN'S

Lunch at Levy's Cafe, 40 Cents

FOR A CHOICE MIDDAY MEAL, INCLUDING COFFEE,
TEA, WINE OR BEER

ENTRANCE TO THIS BUSINESS MEN'S LUNCH GRILL ROOM ON MAIN
A few steps north from 3rd

June Wedding Gifts

The sound of wedding bells is in the air. Are you puzzled over what the wedding gift shall be for this one or that one? You'll have no trouble in choosing from this, the finest display in the Southwest of the most unique, artistic and exclusive articles.

Cut Glass, Bohemian Glass, Silverware, Bronzes, Art Pottery, Hand Painted China, Vienna China, Dresden China, Marble Figures, Ornamental Clocks, Dinner Sets, Chocolate Sets, Brass and Nickel Goods and hundreds of other useful articles.

Parmelee-Dohrmann Co.
436-444 SOUTH BROADWAY

go to a bully (the "Times," a hypocrite (the "Express") and a coward (the "Examiner." The "News" had, as he states, about 23,000 circulation. Yet he never had a man who could get the business that ought to go with such a circulation—and he did not get it himself. Perhaps he asked himself, "What's the use?"

Sorry."

The attitude of the reading, thinking public toward the suspension, is one of real sorrow. Plenty of men who did not agree with Mr. Clover, who disliked his tariff policy, who thought that the paper was too academic and too finicky, nevertheless recognized that the "News" was honest in its expression of opinion, and respected it and its editor.

Brutal.

Of course the end of the "News" brought out a brutal editorial in characteristic vein from the "Times." The "General" had no love for Mr. Clover or his works. The ordinary instincts of a man to refrain from kicking another when he is down, do not exist in the "Times office."

The Only Man.

Harrison Gray Otis is undoubtedly the only journalist in California who would gloat over the downfall of a contemporary and befoul his own columns with such a tirade of slander and Satanic savagery as was bestowed upon Mr. Clover on Wednesday last. It is the way of the vile old man, however, who hates everybody engaged in the newspaper business in Los Angeles. His infamous remarks about Captain H. Z. Osborn when he gave up the "Express," and his demoniacal strictures regarding the unfortunate Joe Lynch when the latter parted with the "Herald" shocked all who read them. It all comes with exceedingly bad grace from a man who came here not many decades ago too distressingly poor to put up at a first-class hotel, and who not many years ago begged piteously from a banker for a few thousand dollars to help him tide over just such a chasm as could not be overcome by a more modest, more honorable and more amiable person like Samuel T. Clover.

Should Abstain.

It would seem to even the casual observer that considering his age, wealth and prominence, to say nothing of his former vicissitudes, his need of money, the public thrashing he received at the hands of an outraged citizen, and his nearness to his end, that he at least would abstain from hounding those who have fallen or who have no newspaper with which to answer back. Is it impossible

not to check this bully a little as he approaches his grave?

Defeat Probable.

From all indications the Lincoln-Roosevelt League is doomed to bitter disappointment at next Tuesday's primary election. While I believe the League will make a better showing in Los Angeles than anywhere else in the State, my advice is that the Republican reformers cannot expect to reap much consolation elsewhere. A liberal estimate is that the League may number 100 out of the 629 delegates who will assemble at Sacramento May 14. to nominate delegates to the National Convention. In the Northern part of the State the reformers have failed to make any headway against the regular organization. In Humboldt the attempt to capture the county committee suffered severe defeat. In Siskiyou the plan to organize a club at Yreka was rewarded with an attendance of six voters. The Leaguers have claimed Sacramento as a stronghold only second to Los Angeles, but their recent mass meeting was a grievous disappointment. The San Joaquin Valley is expected to make some showing, since the League's state organizer, Chester Rowell, hails therefrom. In San Francisco there is an unusually large registration in the Republican ranks, this increase being attributed to the fact that many Labor Union men have registered as Republicans. It is probable that many of these will vote the League's ticket with the hope of dealing a blow at General Otis. I still adhere to my conviction expressed some weeks ago, that the regular Republicans will score an easy victory and that the delegates-at-large to the National Convention will be Governor Gillett, George A. Knight, M. H. De Young and General H. G. Otis.

A Tribute to Al Levy.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 29, 1908.

Al Levy, Esq.,
Care of Levy's Restaurant,
Los Angeles, California.

My dear Mr. Levy—I desire to highly and thoroughly commend you and your efficient corps of officers who so very satisfactorily handled the four days' barbecue we held during the entertainment of the fourteen thousand enlisted men of the Atlantic Fleet. To give such a barbecue was a gigantic task, and I should not have undertaken the proposition had I not been assured in the first place of your aid and co-operation in this great undertaking.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) M. H. FLINT,

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:—

Talking of fashions, I have an amusing letter from an enraged and artistic sister in London, giving her view of the hideous dress of the present day young woman there. She says it is quite too dreadful to see the scores of girls with enormous hats of violent color, covered with the commonest of madly waving chicken feathers, falling right off the back of their heads, while great padded rolls of greasy curls mount up from their foreheads, with ten penny pairs of pearl earrings, two shilling diamond

dog collars, more chicken feathers around their necks and "curtailed sleeves" showing large red elbows, a hideous picture truly.

Now, Harriet, I don't think our young women are quite so bad as that, even when they do fall a prey to the bird with the assorted feathers hatching out various kinds of flowers beneath its dyed wings. We dress more artistically in Los Angeles than they do in London, if our beautiful big stores have anything to do with the guidance of our taste and style.

Today Blackstones' good people were showing some beautiful little silk dresses,

waist and skirt attached, in all the dainty, delicate shades of blue and brown, tan and gray, plentifully lace trimmed, from \$9.50 up. A pretty model was priced at \$13.50. They make charming cool house dresses, and surely at less than the cost of material. Then again, Blackstones' robes and more expensive garments in silk and Rajah are awfully tony this spring, and charming for theater and reception days. Indeed, all the stock on this second floor of the handsome new establishment is of the very newest and in the best of taste. White serge suits, summer wash suits (and sum-

mer not) are good and reliable at Blackstones, which is always an excellent place to make your choice in female apparel.

The Ville de Paris is very particularly strong in these dainty colored batiste and lawn lingerie robes this season. A "stripe of lavender" seems to be an essential in the maiden mind this season, and the Ville has some exquisite gowns, coats in varied forms and shapes, and tailored skirts in beautiful shades. A delightful suit in yellow or "Buff" batiste charmed me at the Ville de Paris this week, and had the daintiest little jacket with Butterfly sleeves, almost completely composed of the dainty Baby Irish lace. I can't see how they can sell these heavily lace trimmed suits this year for the prices marked thereon. My dear, this same all lacey affair that looked like a ninety dollar garment was only twenty-five dollars. I expect they cut the prices pretty close to catch the crowd when they are hot. Monday was a broiling day, and the Ville de Paris was simply handing out cool wash garments. I saw some pretty, wearable linenette suits there, in tan or brown with white cuffs and collars, for as low as \$6.50 a suit. Just the very ticket for the beach, you know, Harriet.

From viewing outing suits to studying ancient carvings of teakwood is not any farther a cry than from the Ville to the Boston Store. There, my child, I entered that holy of holies, the Oriental department, all vast and cool and Eastern. Tripping over a monster tiger head on the floor. I straightened up in front of some interesting carvings of Burmese wood, known as teak. I saw a carved desk there with pigeonholes and secret drawers, positively unequalled on this side of the world, I understand. Then some wonderful new drapes and hangings have just arrived in this luxurious department. I saw the most wonderful works of these Japanese landscape painters in silk embroideries, in screens and in pictures, the perspective and soft glow so life-like it is almost incredible that they are worked by the clever little hands. Brass pieces in great profusion have just been added to this collection of curios and antiques at the Boston Store; Chinese idols and historical carvings help make this place unparalleled on the Coast.

To come back, dear child, to the modern and womanish, I must just tell you of the lingerie waists, the very latest and smartest in town, that have just been put on view

at Myer Siegel's, 253 South Broadway. In the new lingerie waist, dear child, it is absolutely essential that you have a touch of color woven or embroidered into them. We are shown flowers, figures, or fine stitchings in colored wash silks or cottons. Siegel has some most effective bits in this regard. Tracing like a string of pink beads around the neck we find some fine dots and spots of color, mauve, red, blue or gold. The Florentine work on the neckwear and waists is very smart in the old country this season, and Myer Siegel exploits some beauty pieces. With the butterfly and kimona sleeve mostly, and some with the heavy Antoinette ruffle—they are simply delicious.

Once more adios,

LUCILLE.

South Figueroa Street, April thirtieth.

Suits for Women.

It is the smart thing nowadays for women to buy their suits at a man's store. Certainly the smartest suits shown this season are the English Piccadilly models at the great Harris & Frank store.

This line is a departure for Harris & Frank, heretofore known as outfitters for men and boys. This spring they are devoting a section of their second floor juvenile department to a display of tailored suits. The line is an exclusive one—man-tailored models, known as the English Piccadilly suits, and while the garments are especially designed for misses, the range of sizes is such that many small women can be fitted perfectly.

Here are exquisite suits in Rajah silks and the fashionable white serges, as well as other clever models in serges and novelty suitings. Other new ideas include a pretty line of new jumper suits in reps, linens, chambrays and Scotch gingham—as well as linen suits in many of the fashionable new shades.

The new department is meeting with the success it deserves, for the Piccadilly garments possess a certain style and perfection of finish not to be found in any other line. Another point; these garments can be purchased at moderate prices, ranging in cost from \$12.50 to \$35.00.

The new Harris & Frank store is well worth visiting. It occupies the entire building at 437 to 443 South Spring street. It is the largest establishment of its kind on the Pacific Coast.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

Ye
Print
Shop



Engraving

Absolute correctness of form and an unvarying excellence of execution distinguish engraved cards, invitations and announcements produced at "Ye Print Shop."

FORD SMITH & LITTLE CO.

Next to the Ville 313 S. BROADWAY

Christophers'

Brownie Chocolates
Packed Fresh Every Day

The ne plus ultra confectionery.
Only the highest quality of sugar,
the most exquisite flavors used.
Every piece daintily dipped
with the finest blend
of coating.

Christopher's

The Quality Confectioner

241 S. Spring St. 341 S. Broadway

PHONES: Exchange 303
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A TRIUMPH in fireproof construction. Spanish Renaissance in Steel, Tile and Marble. Combined with the facilities and conveniences of the Electric Age.

Mission Indian Grill

Unique
Enchanting

Open from 11 a. m. till after midnight. Business People's noonday lunch. After theater parties. A la carte.

HERBOLD @ LINDSEY

Enterprise Trunk Factory

654 South Spring

Suit Cases and Ladies' Hand Bags.

Fine Trunk and Hand Bag Repairing.

Home F 3399

A NEW DEPARTMENT

A Most Artistic, Unique and
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SUMMER FURNITURE

—a display "near to nature"—beautiful, unusual. Many hints for comfort. Come see it—you're welcome, if only to look.

ANGELES FURNITURE
COMPANY

631-635 S. SPRING ST.—NEAR SIXTH

French and English Models

Special Creations
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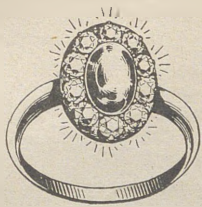
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Exclusive Women's Hatter

346 South Broadway



FINE DIAMONDS

Quality in the Gems themselves, in the settings in which they are mounted, and in the manner in which they are mounted, is a marked characteristic of the Brock & Feagans Jewelry.

The knowledge that you have secured the best of anything in its respective line is in itself a source of satisfaction. When you have the further assurance that the price is moderate your purchase will surely convey permanent pleasure.

Brock & Feagans
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LADIES' TAILOR
AND
HABIT MAKER

Highest Class Tailoring at Moderate Prices

216 Mercantile Place



A. GREENE & SON

Exclusive Ladies' Tailors
107½ North Main Street

Deborah's Diary

Miss Leila Aubrey, who is well known in Los Angeles musical circles, will be royally entertained next week, when she makes her appearance here with the quartette in the Francis Wilson company. Miss Aubrey was formerly a member of the local Lyric Club, and sang in St. Vincent's choir for a number of years. She will be the house guest of her sister, Mrs. Dudley Hobart Miller of 2104 Vermont avenue, during her stay. Several of her friends have planned luncheons in her honor, and a yachting party on the Aloha will add to the gayety.

Mrs. S. C. Foy of San Rafael Heights has kindly donated her beautiful grounds for the flower show, which is to be held Saturday afternoon for the Nithsdale school. This school is built on different lines from the usual "cabin of learning." It resembles resembles the picturesque ranch house of the old Spanish type, and is provided with outdoor study rooms. The proceeds of the flower show will go to swell the art fund of the school. There will be a maypole dance, and an "Alice in Wonderland" sketch, the show promising to be well worth the small admission charged. Everyone will be made welcome. To reach the Foy home take the Short Line Pasadena car, transfer west on California street, and a bus waiting at the terminus will carry you to the scene of the festival.

Glen Behymer, the popular young son of L. E. Behymer, has become a member of the law firm of Harris & Harris, and has already begun practice. Young Behymer made a brilliant record for himself in the Los Angeles High School, and in the eastern law college which he attended, and the only barrier which prevented his being admitted to the bar many months ago was his extreme youth.

On Friday evening the La Tijera Club entertained with a dancing party at Kramer's in honor of the High School class of 1908 of the St. Vincent's College.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Richardson, late of Santa Barbara, and well known in Los Angeles, are at present residing in the West End of London. They will probably spend next winter in Pasadena. Mrs. Richardson will attend court at Buckingham Palace in June.

This afternoon and evening a jolly time is in store for the members of the South Coast Yachting Club and their friends. The invitations which have been issued by the entertainment committee are unique affairs, being couched in purely nautical terms.

Many and brilliant are the affairs being given in honor of Miss Marion Churchill, who will become the bride of David McCartney in the near future. The Misses Florence, Blanche and Lora Woodhead of Vermont avenue recently entertained with a pretty affair for the bride-elect, and next week Mrs. Nora McCartney will entertain with a tallyho ride and a luncheon for her. Miss Churchill's attendants will be Miss

Gertrude Workman, maid of honor, and the Misses Barnetta Norton, Fanny Rowan, Lily Olshausen and Elsie Knecht, bridesmaids.

As a farewell to Dean and Mrs. J. J. Wilkins, who have left for the South, Mrs. W. H. Perry and Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood of 20 St. James Park entertained Wednesday afternoon with a charming musicale. They were assisted by Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Mrs. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, Mrs. John F. Peck, Mrs. J. S. Chapman, Mrs. E. P. Clark, Mrs. O. H. Churchill, Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Mrs. George King, and Mrs. Cameron Erskine Thom.

This afternoon Mrs. John H. Norton entertains at the Country Club with luncheon, in honor of Miss Elizabeth Drake. The guests will include the younger smart set.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Pruess, nee Edith Terry, gave a dinner Friday evening in compliment to Lieut. K. G. Castleman and Mrs. Castleman, Capt. C. C. Carpenter, and Mr. B. F. Mansfield.

Miss Gertrude Workman deserves unlimited credit for the delightful performance which the Brownson House folks gave at the Mason Monday night. Miss Workman has been employing her most strenuous efforts for many a day, and a large measure of the success is due to her. Mme. Modjeska kindly made a re-appearance in a one act sketch by her husband, Bertha Corbett of "Sunbonnet Baby" fame, gave a delightful little talk, illustrated with the quaint drawings that have become widely known; Bishop Conaty exploited the good work of the Brownson House Association and spoke of their efforts to help the poor; Al Treolar delighted the masculine portion of the audience with a display of his splendid muscle, and seven little Bo-Peeps tripped a measure and sang a few little



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songs. Then there was a farce or two, and a series of living pictures of the Buster Brown type. Altogether it was one of the best vaudeville performance the city has seen, and the \$1200 which the show netted was well earned.

The Mendelssohn House Settlement, of which Mrs. Bertha Hirsch Baruch is president, was opened Tuesday night at 738 Turner street. The object of this association is to teach and help the unfortunate and ignorant Jews who have immigrated to America. For this purpose they have established class-rooms, libraries, reading rooms and various other facilities.

The dance given in honor of the officers of the Atlantic Fleet by Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham at their beautiful residence, Villa Bellosguardo, Santa Barbara, last Tuesday evening, was the most sumptuous private entertainment ever given on the Pacific Coast. The Grahams' house guests for the

week's festivities were the Marquis and Marchioness of Headfort, Major and Mrs. C. H. McKinstry, Mrs. Diborg, Miss Diborg and Count de Laborde.

The May program of the Friday Morning Club is as follows:

May 1st. "Springtime"—Mrs. James Ogilvie, assisted by Mrs. Lillian A. Fruhling, soprano; Adelaide Gosnell, pianiste.

May 8th. "Recent Developments in Photography"—Hector Alliot. Luncheon.

May 15th. Reading, "Man and Superman" (G. Bernard Shaw)—Mrs. George Dobinson. Members may invite but one guest. Luncheon.

May 22. Book Committee; Discussion Circles; Recent Books. Luncheon.

May 29th. "The Educational Movement in Mexico"—Prof. E. C. Moore.

The Tuesday afternoon programs are as follows:

May 5th. Violin Recital—Heloise Desirée Cou-toulenc.

May 12th. Piano Recital—Lillian A. Smith.

May 19th. Play, "A Harmless Wager."

May 26th. Miniatures, Miss Nute.

"A Harmless Wager" is a play written for the club by Mrs. E. K. Foster, and will be acted by

members of the club.

I have always cordially indorsed the work of the Young Women's Christian Association, knowing that it is one of the most efficient organizations of the sort in the United States. Now that the new building of the association on Hill street is nearing completion, the enthusiastic members are indulging in a membership contest, the workers dividing into the "Reds" and the "Whites." The membership will be increased to approximately 7000 when this contest is over, there being a captain and one hundred young women on each side. The prizes that are being sought are immaterial; the commendable thing is the energy, the enthusiasm and the persistence with which the campaign is being conducted. The big stores like the Boston, Blackstones', the Ville, Coulters and others all assisted the young ladies in their efforts.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

On the Stage and Off

There is rare good fun in "The Man On the Box," which is gracing the Los Angeles boards this week. Harold McGrath's novel was good, judged by the standard of the best sellers of today. Grace Livingston Furniss' dramatization is, barring an illy arranged first act, better than the book. The playwright has clung closely to the vital facts of the original plot—the result being a compact, well constructed drama, whose situations have none of the abrupt lack of continuity that distinguishes most dramatized novels.

Max Figman as Bob Worburton, the pseudo-groom, has an extensive smile that is a delight in itself. He enters into the character with a wholesome zest that is hugely enjoyable, and the few serious moments allowed him are given the same careful finish as his broad comedy work. The only exception to Figman's splendid performance is his bad enunciation and his habit of talking like a rapid-fire gun.

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Fannie Marinoff is a charming Betty Annesley. She possesses no beauty of face, outside of a fine pair of eyes, but she has a boyish grace of form and the ability to act—which is far more satisfactory than a peaches and cream dressmaker's model, such as many stars are accorded for support.

Outside of the Count Karloff of John Brownell, the company is ordinary. Brownell has a fascinating accent as the Russian, and plays the scoundrel like a gentleman.

"The Man On the Box" is worth capacity houses at every performance, if only to watch Mix Figman's illuminative grin.

Alas and alack for the matinee girls. Harry Mestayer, the adored of all the Burbankers, and the only eligible bachelor in the company, was married Monday to Mrs. Jessie D. Lockwood, a charming little New York brunette who has been visiting here for some months. Mr. Mestayer has been taking a vacation, ostensibly on sick leave, but he has returned a happy and hearty Benedict who will have to make up considerably when next he essays his favorite portrayal of the anaemic character of Oswald Alving in Ibsen's "Ghosts."

"When Knights Were Bold," the successful farce in which Francis Wilson is to be seen here next week is a "dream play," itself a novelty at least to the present generation of theater-goers. That is to say, the second act of the play is entirely devoted to the exposition of a dream the hero has after falling asleep at the end of the previous act in the knights' room of a recently inherited castle. Charles Marlowe is the author of the comedy and he is said to have cunningly interwoven a delightful little love story during the progress of the three acts. In the title role, that of Sir Guy De Vere, Mr. Wilson is said to have a part that fits him better than anything he has essayed in a very long while. His supporting company numbers forty-two people, and Charlie Frohman will present the comedian at the Mason Opera House for a week's engagement, commencing

Monday evening. A matinee will be given on Saturday.

Master Gabriel and George Ali continue to shine on the Orpheum horizon this week. The performance of this clever actor, with his child-like smile and his quaint way of being marred only by his annoying habit of gawking at the end of every sentence.



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Scene from Act II, of "When Knights Were Bold," at the Mason

the dog is fittingly a co-star with Gabriel. Toe dancers are many and their stunts are varied, but Bertha Pertina is easily the best of any we have seen these many days. Her performance is perhaps lacking in grace, but as an illustration of elasticity of muscles it is amazing. Once more comes Charles Evans in "It's Up to You, William." The sketch is as funny as ever, although his feminine assistants do not grasp the possibilities of their parts.

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FRANCIS WILSON

in his greatest comedy success

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD

Seats on sale, 50c to \$2.00

Bicycle turns must be above the ordinary to win even a faint patter of applause nowadays, and the Dunedin troupe gets a good share of approval. Musical acts are, as a rule, somewhat wearisome on account of their general sameness, but the Frederick Bros. and Jessie Burns have a new line of "dope" that makes their turn of interest. The younger Frederick plays several tunes on a dozen or so battered tin cans, and has a line of "josh" that is really funny.

Dainty Ida O'Day is pleasing so long as she confines herself to the banjo, but as a "singing comedienne," as the press agent terms her, she is—not.

Daisy Harcourt wins her audiences only through personal magnetism; her coster songs are vulgar and her singing is without merit. Hoey and Lea's parodies are excellent, but it would be well for their listeners' nerves were they to find some one else to sing their products.

Grusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Los Angeles—The old favorite, Richard Jose, sings at the Los Angeles Theater for a week, beginning Sunday night, his songs being a special feature of the rattling farce, "Don't Tell My Wife."

Burbank—"Salome Jane," Paul Armstrong's pretty story of the West, should afford Blanche Hall one of the best oppor-

tunities of her local career.

Belasco—At last the long run of "The Girl of the Golden West" has terminated, and "Before and After" will bring Joseph Galbraith back to the stage.

Fischer's—"The Land of Dreams" at Fischer's next week is said to be a pretty little playlet, bordering upon the nature of an operetta. The action takes place in "Etheria," a mythical country whither two

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"Don't Tell My Wife"

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Richard J. Jose at the Los Angeles

dreamers, "Gordon" and "Genevieve." have wandered. Meeting, they fall in love and marry, but are separated by King Tyraneous, who has fallen in love with the girl. Eventually a way is found out of the dilemma, and all ends happily. Miss Nellie Montgomery and Evan Bell will be seen as the "dreamers," while Miss Bessie Tannehill and Herb Bell will assume the roles of Queen Patricia and King Tyraneous, rulers of Etheria. George Morrell and Fred

Gambold have comedy roles in the production. The opening chorus of the play, "Land of Etheria," was written and composed for the production by Mr. Will Carleton, author and producer of the play. Other appropriate musical numbers and the usual motion pictures and vaudeville act promise to make the entertainment an exceptionally pleasing one.

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In the Musical World

By FREDERICK STEVENSON

From out the historic past has filtered down a famous story anent Lincoln and his pugnacious War Secretary, Stanton.

Stanton, it seems, had been grievously insulted by some irreverent critic and, boiling with rage, confided to the President the manner of his planned revenge.

The unfortunate victim was to receive a letter of such contumely and fire-eating quality that the poor wretch would wish he had never been born.

"Good!" said the President, "that's the stuff! Great! And, Stanton, make it hot and strong. Cook him! Fry him! Flay him! Make mincemeat of him! None of the other cheek this time, my boy. Every word a dagger! Every phrase a bolo!"

"And, when you have brownd him to a good and crisp Queen Mary's taste (Peace to her pious ashes!) give me a look at the bill of fare before you let it get out. Maybe our Augustness can add a ping or two of tobasco."

"Twas done. And it was a caution. Not even the old Nick himself, and all his corps of professional cutters, could have bettered it.

The President beamed delightedly. "It is the whole cheese," he exclaimed, "not a maggot missing. You're a wonder, Stanton!"

"Thank you, Mr. President. Poor devil, I almost feel sorry for him! And, now, how shall I send it—mail, or special mes-

senger?"

"Send it! Send it!" almost shrieked the wise old Executive. "You surely don't propose to send that stuff to anybody! Pooh! Bah! Write it, yes. That's good. It lets off the danger steam; scrapes the barnacles off the bottom; cremates the rotting garbage; knocks the trumpety temper in the old Kent Road; gives sweet reasonableness a chance to get once again on regular sentry duty."

"But, send it! Never! Put it in the fire, and thank God for the power to discriminate between bloodless target practice in private and damphool bombardment in public."

* * *

The application? Merely the iteration of the old, old protest that Bach and Beethoven are ideal for the student grounding and development, but extremely undesirable for student exploitation in public.

Rank heresy, of course. But I have been a heretic long enough to care not one red cent whether the dyed-in-the-wool classicists catch their breath, or no.

It is just this—or it is nothing. Music was created for effect upon the senses—primarily for the effect of satisfying the craving for beauty.

I will admit that, in the highest and best sense, music should go farther than this—it should, for example, combine the sensuous and the intellectual. But this is precisely the thing which the student cannot possibly achieve, or be expected to achieve.

The piano Bach is intellectuality, minus the sensuous—with some rare exceptions. As a contrapuntist, Bach is supreme, unassailable. But he is for the den—coatless, slippered, a three-houred feast of mathematical mentality, honest, sound, invigorating.

But, on the concert platform. Nay. I like not the fare. Bread—plus butter, plus jam, plus a hundred other concomitants concocted by the art of modern man—is good. But bread—minus all of these savories—is out of fashion for public banqueting.

Of Beethoven, for concert use, much the same rule should obtain. Glorious foundation in all the vital elements of the true classic mold, and glorious exploitation work for the master-hand and matured mind of the finished artist—but, to the student, Beethoven should be the maturing of half-a-lifetime, and only in the rare case of exceptional genius the victim of premature presentation.

Olga Steeb and Gertrude Cohen, yet in their teens, have something to say of Beethoven and Bach—not the half of the wonderful story, truly, but still something—but they are two in ten thousand, and are so far justified in giving public voice to their concepts.

The fact is that there is an abundance of thoroughly charming and altogether delightful music, written for the piano and essentially characteristic of the piano, and it is an ever present mystery that students and their teachers should persistently ignore the very things which would be of infinitely more benefit to the pupil, and of vastly more enjoyment to the public, and insistently program those greater classics which are as far above the head of the student as the Iliad is beyond the grade school.

I do not write these things at all hopefully. They deal of troubles that have always been with us, and probably will always be with us—the overleaping ambition of students and the weakness and inconsistency of teachers.

But, if students and teachers could but know of the utter weariness and distress which are constantly suffered by the martyr musicians who would rather die than tell the gruesome truth, it might be that even a piano recital could be turned to joy and a piano student blossom into a perennial blessing.

* * *

Now, do not for one moment imagine that all this is apropos of clever little Lillian

Smith and her recent debut. Not at all.

Pretty, auburn-tressed Miss Smith (one of the forerunners of Miss Elizabeth Jordan's auburn-tressed flock) is just as capable as all but the very best of the younger folk. She has a facile touch, a clear conception, a clean pedal (wonder of wonders!) and a singing quality that the piano gave her little credit for.

And all this, in these days of prodigious pounding, is quite an accounting worth while. But, to be quite frank, I would much like to see this good little maid give of her best self in the delightful fields of which some suggestion has been made.

Her Hummel Polacca, her Leschetizky and Penfield works, and the Verdi-Liszt "Rigoletto" gave a quite keen and general sense of enjoyment; and, if the Bach, Beethoven and Schumann numbers told me naught but the old, old story, it was not Miss Lillian herself, but the regrettable custom which forces the young people before the day is fully spent.

Miss Blanche Ruby sang delightfully, and her appearance would have run away with us had the artistic feature held less charm than it did.

In the lovely Micaelo air from "Carmen," and in the Henschel "Spring" and Chaminade "Villanelle" Miss Ruby displayed the touching patheticism of the one and the joyous lightness of the others to perfection. Miss Ruby is heard all too seldom; and much the same may be said of that sterling young musicianly teacher, Miss Jordan, who accompanied with rare taste and distinction.

Local musical circles that so often heard the famous lyric tenor, Signor Domenico Russo, in Italian Opera will note with pleasure the favorable reception given this favorite by music lovers of New York when on April 13 the Italian Grand Opera Company opened an engagement at the old Academy of Music, the first night of their repertory being the rendition of Verdi's "Rigoletto," with Mr. Russo in the cast as the "Duke of Mantua." The entire opera received enthusiastic attention from a packed house; and the favor of the critics as extended to Russo are best shown from the following excerpts from New York papers: New York "American"—"The tenor Russo was an artist of unusual charm. The mezza voice of Mr. Russo in 'E. Il Sol Dell Anima' was vastly more agreeable than the strenuous mode of much more celebrated singers like Bassi and Zenatello. . . ." New York "Herald"—"The honors of the evening went to Mr. Russo, the Duke of Mantua. . . ." New York "World"—"Mr. Russo who has frequently sung with Tettrazzini, was at home in the role of the Duke. . . ." New York "Press"—"Domenico Russo, the lyric tenor, established himself with the audience. . . ." New York "Sun"—"Not many will quickly forget the vigorous sweetness of Russo's 'Duke of Mantua,' which was followed by a demonstration by the Italian portion of the audience. . . ." New York "Advertiser"—"The tenor, Mr. Russo, displayed a good voice and sang with spirit. . . ." New York "Evening World"—"Russo sang the Donna Mobile with so much spirit, the audience demanded he repeat it. . . ."

The Walter Damrosch Orchestra has been making wide sweeps throughout the south and giving to the cities of Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans and Galveston the greatest musical festival yet known in the history of those cities. This organization comes under the management of L. E. Behymer to the Mason Opera House for two nights and a matinee on May 14 and 15, the only three concerts to be given to the general public in this city. The seat sale opens Monday, May 4, at the Bartlett Music Company, and will continue throughout the week. Mail orders and phone orders will be accepted the same as personal representation.

FRENCH-ITALIAN NIGHT.

(Thursday, May 14.)

Overture, "Le Roi d'Ys" (Lalo.)

Under the trees (Massenet.)

Clarinet obligato, Mr. LeRoy; violoncello obligato, Mr. Bramsen.

Andante and Scherzo from String Quartette (Debussy.)

(a) Arabian Love Song; (b) French Military March (Saint-Saens.)

(a) Ball Scene; (b) March to the Scaffold, from Symphonie Fantastique (Berlioz.)

(a) Dance of the Hours; (b) Dance of the Automaton, from Coppelia (Delibes.)

Excerpts from "La Boheme" (Puccini.)

Serenade for String Orchestra (Burgemein-Ricordi.)

(a) Intermezzo from "Il Pagliacci" (Leoncavallo); (b) Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Mascagni.)

Overture, "William Tell" (Rossini.)

POPULAR PROGRAM.

(Friday Matinee, May 15.)

Overture to "Mignon" (Thomas.)

(a) Valse Lente; (b) Pizzicati (Delibes.)

Solo—Mrs. Hissem de Moss.

Minuet of the Fly (Czibulka); (b) Printaniere (Lacombe.)

Farewell March Movement from "Leonore Symphony" (Raff.)

Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 1 (Liszt.)

Humorous Variations on a German Folksong, in the manner of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Strauss, Verdi, Gounod and Wagner (Ochs.)

Polka Mazurka, "The Dragon Fly" (Strauss.)

Serenade for Violin, Violoncello and Piano (Saint-Saens)—Messrs. Saslavsky, Bramsen and Damrosch.

Overture, "Robespierre," descriptive of the Reign of Terror during the French Revolution (Litolff.)

RUSSIAN-SLAVIC PROGRAM.

(Friday, May 15.)

Evening devoted to Russian, Polish and Bohemian composers.

(a) Prelude; (b) Malaguena, from "Boabdil" (Moskowski.)

(a) Elegie; (b) Theme and Variations, from Suite No. 3 (Tchaikowsky.)

The Young Prince and Princess, from Scheherazade from "Arabian Nights" (Rinsky-Korsakoff.)

(a) Cavalry Ride; (b) Melody in F (Rubinstein.)

(a) Nocturne; (b) Valse, arranged for Flute Solo (Chopin)—Mr. Barerre.

Three Russian Folksongs, (a) Cradle Song; (b) Mosquito Song; (c) Dance Song (Liadow.)

Theme and Variations for Violoncello (Tchaikowsky)—Mr. Bramsen.

Two Slavic Dances (Dvorak.)

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Among the Artists

By RENE T. DE QUELIN

E. A. Burbank's exhibition of Indian heads at Steckel's Gallery has proved of the greatest interest the past two weeks. Together with the Navajos, he also showed some fine heads of the Moquis, Mohaves and Sioux. That this valuable collection has been appreciated is proved by the sales made, but the only wonder is that the whole group was not immediately bought by some institution to keep as a record of this vanishing race.

William Wendt, the landscape painter, is again in the city, having returned from his usual spring sketching trip. As he worked in new fields, this year, for his inspiration, we may well expect some superb canvases, all executed in his usual strong and forceful style with dash and spirit. His wife, Julia Bracken Wendt, the well-known sculptress, has been too busy entertaining friends from Chicago to allow her to accomplish that which she had laid out to do; but she expects shortly to be at work again in real earnest to make up for lost time. They receive Sunday afternoons at their Sichel street studio-home, where all those interested in art are most welcome.

John A. Donovan, the marine painter, has been working quietly and industriously for some time. Detroit, his native town, fully appreciates his splendid, deep-sea pieces, as well as several other eastern cities, consequently he finds a good market for his meritorious work. He was unfortunate recently in having lost several of his best works, in his Los Angeles studio, through fire. His friend, Robert Wagner, the portrait painter, living in Santa Barbara, is at present engaged in entertaining the fleet as he has been a leader in this great and important undertaking, and all those who have the pleasure of knowing him will know how heartily he enters into it.

J. Bond Francisco has given up his studio in the Blanchard Building and is now working altogether in his home studio on Albany street, that is so well known to his numerous friends and patrons. His own studio is very large and built expressly to his own needs and wants. It has also the charm of being beautifully rich in hundreds of valuable objects, covering years of time for their choosing and collecting, which are a source of great interest and delight to all those who visit this genial artist. It is understood that J. W. Clawson, the portrait painter, who

formerly had a studio in the Pacific Electric Building, has engaged the studio just vacated by Mr. Francisco. And that lately occupied by Eugene Frank will now be taken by the Japanese artist, M. Kosai, who has had such tremendous success in Pasadena, and whose cottage studio was such a delight to all visitors.

G. M. Leonard Woodruff, the well known fruit painter, has been particularly successful, having sold several of his important canvases recently, all at his accustomed prices, notwithstanding the several attempts by wealthy patrons to take advantage of the stringency of the money market to try and buy for a lower price. Mr. Woodruff does not recognize hard times, as he is blest with all he requires; therefore he has one price. The Kanst art galleries handle his works.

An unusually interesting exposition of Japanese art will be held in the Blanchard Galleries on May 8th and 9th, including the evening of the 9th. This exhibition will be a great undertaking and will be rich in material of everything appertaining to Japanese art, both old and new. Very many novel and striking features will be indulged in to show and explain Japanese life. There will be ten different painters who will exhibit their work, three of them being ladies; each one of them will be present to receive and entertain visitors, in full Japanese costume. Tea and cake will be served a la Japanese whilst music will be played. At intervals dancing by the Japanese girls in full costume will be given. An exhibition of sword conflicts will also be shown, illustrating the old method of the Japanese settling their differences. The following artists will be present: Mrs. Kojima, Miss Kokuzan, Miss I. Yokozan and Messrs. T. Aoki, M. Kosai, K. Tanida, Shimada, S. Shisetzu, T. Hassei, Ogawachi. Mrs. Kojima will illustrate the Kornyn style of flower arrangement, and also the Enshurign Japanese method of flower arrangement, which will prove more than interesting to all lovers of this exquisite treatment. Another interesting feature will be the making of composition pictures, in which every artist does his or her part: For instance, one will put in a building, another the trees, the next flowers, and so on until each of the ten artists have contributed their share. One dollar will be the price charged for these interesting compositions. A display of old prints will also be made. It is fully expected that this exposition will prove one of the most entertaining and interesting features ever held in Los Angeles.

Evidently the death of the great sculptor, Augustus Saint Gaudens, has stirred up the field of sculpture, for nearly all our magazines contain articles on this particular branch of art. There have also been extraordinary efforts made to exhibit all kinds of sculpture. At the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York almost side by side with the superb exhibit of Saint Gaudens' work, there was quite a large exhibit of

English and American bronze sculpture that comprised every type of expression and every conceivable subject. Whilst all this was going on, Baltimore was the real rendezvous for the exhibition of the National Sculpture Society, which was held under the auspices of the Municipal Art Society. This exhibit was quite large and important, as over four hundred pieces were exhibited by over one hundred artists. It is astonishing to see the thousands who have entered this field of art during the last ten or fifteen years. From twenty-five to thirty years ago, there was not a dozen sculptors who deserved the title, in America and about as many modelers. But there is one crying shame attached to all large commissions given out to many so called great artists, and that is, that in many cases not only the actual work but the preliminary sketches that are made to obtain the commissions, are executed solely by assistants, who have ability and brains, but no social "pull" to attempt to obtain the work for themselves. Many a time these assistants have been bold enough to ask to compete, when they are nearly all treated with contempt, if not at times with derision. One of the statements made generally at such applications is, "Show us some large statue that you have made." Of course the poor sculptor cannot refer to his work done for others and he has never had an opportunity given him to do it for himself; consequently he works year in and year out for others, who receive all the credit for it; and it has only been too often the case that the whole work was entirely the assistant's conception as well. Some two or three years ago a strong movement was on foot in the East to compel the recognition of the assistant publicly, and to insist on their signing their work together with the sculptor who took the commission, which would only be a fair adjustment and acknowledgement of merit. There is one so-called notable sculptor in New York who hardly knows what it is to put his hands to a piece of clay, but has always engaged the best French modelers to do all his work, and only on occasion of receiving his clients will he put on a gown with a little clay smeared on for effect. Several times this well known society artist has been caught in the poseur's act but still it continues. There is another big man in Chicago who had a sculptress do all his sketches, as well as his actual work, and these sketches were invariably the winners, but she was never known in the work and stands, after years of hard and splendid work made under another name, practically unknown except for some small insignificant work. If she applies for larger and more important work it's the same old story, "Have you made any large monuments?" Some of the committees have an idea that a half dozen or so important monuments spring up from seed like peas out of the pod and that all you have to do is to plant them in some prominent park or square. Give them all a chance. No favoritism and no snobbery; serve poor and rich alike, let merit and ability tell, but above all let each one make his own sketch. The sculptor's field has many women.

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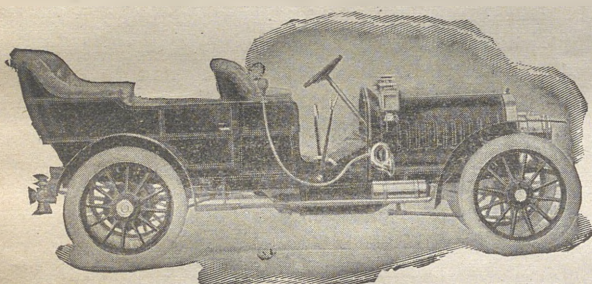
642 So. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Autos and Autoists

By JACK DENSHAM

So the White Steamer lowered the record again. San Francisco to Los Angeles in seventeen hours and seventeen minutes! Maybe that isn't going some! It seems to me that that is considerably quicker than the Coast line of the Southern Pacific for, although the day train is supposed to cover the distance in some sixteen hours, it is often three or four hours late. As for the Owl, it seems that an auto is nearly as fast and certainly very much safer, if not quite so roomy.

There was a busy bunch waiting for that car to come in last Wednesday evening. Mrs. Ryus was in a White Steamer with a party of friends, and she hailed me into the car to help boost. We boosted away as hard as we could, but no car was in sight.



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Then we tried the method of prophesying all the bad things we could think of—the car was lying on its side at the foot of Cahuenga pass, all four tires had blown up at once, they had run into a team and every other horror we could think of. This had the desired effect, for, a little after a quarter past eight, we saw the car dodging round a street car at the top of Broadway, and we knew that the record had gone to smash again.

It was wonderful how near they came to following the sixteen-hour schedule laid out by Mr. Nelson. In fact, it was actually followed until they reached King's City Bridge. Here they tried to pass some teams and were forced into the sand at the side of the road and a bad "stick" was the result. At Santa Barbara they were twenty minutes behind schedule, and Cap Ryus started off with that car determined to get to Los Angeles within schedule. So far as driving is concerned he would probably have done it. That man Ryus is sure a terror when he makes up his mind to get somewhere quickly. Little Gummow, the mechanic, stated most emphatically that, while record runs of all kinds were a joy and pleasure to him, not for any money would he ride with "that fellow Ryus" again. They must have hit only the high places on the road, and precious few of them. They had made up quite a few minutes at Ventura, four, if I remember rightly, and that was good, as the Casitas grade was pretty well crowded with teams. At Ventura a man told them that the Oxnard road was badly plowed up for a distance after passing the turn by the watering trough. So Cap thought he would play smart and go on towards Santa Paula, turning off to the south again before reaching that city. But he did not figure on how fast he was going, and he passed the turn. By the time he found it out he was almost into Santa Paula, and they had to turn around and retrace their way. Then they came to a turn that looked like the real one and they followed it only to find that it led them nowhere. Nearly half an hour must have been lost in this way, and it was up to Cap. to do some hustling if he were to get that record. He did the hustling all right. At Chalk Hill, this side of Calabasas, they stopped to light the lamps. From there into Los Angeles the distance is twenty-six miles; they did it in thirty-six minutes.

One or two little incidents on the way relieved what one might call the monotonous tension. At Los Olivos the proprietor of the hotel was bashfully interested in the party and wished to show his sympathy with any crazy bunch who would try and break records. His sympathy took a concrete and pleasing form. He stowed several bottles containing ice-cold liquid in the tonneau, hugely to the joy of the mechanic, Mr. Gummow, and the tire man, Frank Carroll. Did you ever know a mechanic or a tire man who wasn't thirsty?

And talking about tires. I think the Goodyear people have a little something coming to them. The tires on the car had already been run about three thousand miles, and they did not so much as groan once all the way down. In fact, the remarkable thing about this run is that not a single thing went wrong. There was no

breakage of any kind, not even the bottle of Budweiser which some frantic enthusiast heaved into the tonneau at Santa Maria.

Well it was a great achievement, and we must salute Mr. Nelson, not only for being lucky enough to come away with the record, but also for being good sportsman enough to do this for the fun of it and so help along the game. He is not connected with any auto concern, and buys any machine he fancies. It must have cost more than a small sum to make this run when you remember the relays of drivers, four of them altogether, and many other incidental expenses. I wish there were more men like Fernando Nelson who would take an interest in the autoing game and good roads.

Did you ever understand the origin of that beautiful biblical metaphor about casting your bread upon the waters? It is one that is well understood in certain parts of Egypt and Palestine. There the waters rise high in the river beds during the early months of the year, and then begin to recede. As the waters fall they leave a deposit of rich soil, and the farmers sow their seed on top of the water as it is falling. The water dies away and leaves the seed embedded in rich mud. The sun comes up and burns the surface to a thick brown color, with the consistency of January adobe. Then the seed begins to sprout, and forces its way through the thick crust. It has a hard time getting through that crust, but when it eventually does reach the light of day, it has gained strength and vim from the struggle with the dried earth crust. The consequence is that the finest rice and wheat grow along the banks of the rivers, and the lazy natives wax fat and rich simply because they have followed the simple principle of casting your bread upon the waters. They find it after many days, and not so many days, either; also that crust of bread has waxed many hundred fold. For many centuries these fuzzy wuzzies have been doing this and laughing at the attempts of western civilization to improve upon their methods.

All this preliminary palaver is simply to show that there is sense in casting your bread upon the water, and there is one man in town who has recently done a little seed sprinkling to great effect. This man is one Frank Nelson, and, believe me, he will live to witness a grand crop springing up. Nels sprang the idea of getting after the farmers with regard to good roads, and he shaped the idea in a new and novel form. Here is the way he expresses himself: "Have a farmer's day and give all these ranchers a ride in an automobile. Let them see what it is to be in the other fellow's position."

Nels got the idea from his father. This is the way he tells it: "The old man was the worst autophobiac you ever saw. He lived on a farm, was raised on a farm, and made his money out of a farm. He believed that autos were invented by the evil one, and that all drivers of autos sprouted horns before they had been very long in business. That was until he came to visit me, and I took him for a ride. I just drove him around, showed him how easy it was to control the machine, and explained to him the standing and business occupations of the average auto owner. Ever since that my

father has been one of the greatest boosters for autos in the country. And that is all you have to do, just get in and show them."

Now, as I have said many times before, the greatest advertisement that Southern California can have is a reputation for good roads. How are we going to get it? By listening to a bunch of sickening drivel handed out in the dailies about a three million dollar fund? No. By reading what underpaid scribblers, such as myself, may write on the subject, and then forgetting all about it? No. By trusting to the Supervisors? No answer needed for that. By relying on any one organization to do some thing? No. Good roads in Southern California may be obtained by getting the people who live along those roads to wake up and put in their time and influence on the roads. Turn the farmer into an automobile enthusiast, and there you are with your good roads.

How is this desirable event to be accomplished? As thusly. Let us have a committee of newspaper men to start the ball rolling. Bert Smith or Roy Wheeler of the "Times;" that clever and energetic friend of mine, Thomson of the "Herald," and whoever is doing autos for the "Examiner." (Got wot I would it were myself.) This for a starter. Then let this committee go ahead, sink petty journalistic differences between their different employers, and start the great movement. Get the Auto Club and the Dealers' Associations interested. Go to the rubber men and talk to them and hand out interesting dope in the Snuday editions for private owners.

Then start out on an expedition. Get a big touring car and cover it with banners, bearing legends about "Good Roads in California." Load this car with a committee of competent men and send them through the country. In each town make the local newspaper men a committee to arrange for a "Good Roads Day," or a "Ranchers' Automobile Day," or anything else you like to call it. Set the date for this day in each town and see that it is officially recognized as a public holiday. Then get the names of every old mossback and grouch in the neighborhood who hates autos. Get the name of every rancher who has never ridden in a car, whether he be a millionaire or a five-acre lemon raiser. Then obtain their promise to take a ride with you on the great day. Get them all in line. Pomona, Corona, Riverside, Redlands, San Bernardino, Elsinore, Escondido, Oceanside, Ventura, Santa Barbara, and all the other towns I can't think of on the spur of the moment.

Then go to the people who own cars and get them into a grand tour. Let the cars leave Los Angeles empty save for the driver and perhaps one good hot-air merchant. Then stop at each of the towns for one day and give the farmers a ride. Let every dealer repeat a ritual in which he recognizes the fact that he is working for good roads and the good of the automobile business, and not to sell his own make of machine. That will come later.

Do all this once, and then do it again. Before long you will find that stretches of road that have been notorious for their roughness are being fixed up. You will see men with a load of straw and a spade, shoveling away at "thank-you-marms," taking down big bumps, hammering nails into wooden cul-

vert crossings, and fixing up generally. And all this because the farmers will recognize the automobile; not as the pleasure wagon of a millionaire, but as the farmer's necessity.

At first it will be the dealers in cheaper machines that are the more interested in this movement, because they appeal directly to the farmers. But soon the high-priced car men will recognize the fact that the better the roads the more customers will come out from the East, and the more machines they will sell. Let us start this movement and go at it hard, without argument, without personal jealousy, without any idea but the betterment of roads in our God-blessed country and the advancement of our California. For this idea, my dear Nels, to you salutations. The bread is cast upon the water, with each recurring flood time let us not cease to cast it.

Few things could have been more appropriate than the wonderful piece of work done by the "Examiner" last week. I believe that the idea originated with Phil Wilson, and he certainly has a large "thank you" coming to him. Just how that paper managed to get together so many machines in so short a time, I cannot say. But it was done, and there were three thousand sailor boys having the time of their lives. I rode with the genial H. H. Hitt in his big Stearns, and it filled me with a curious delight to see how those boys in the tonneau were enjoying themselves. The whole thing

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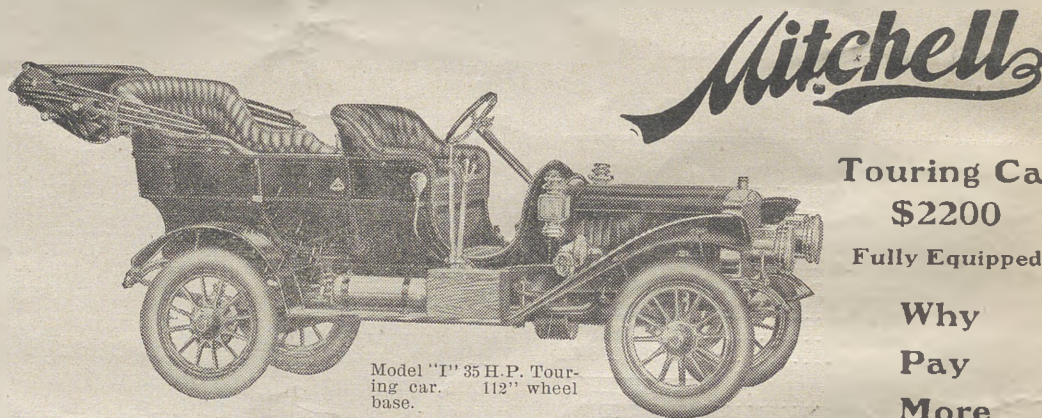
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was done in a very delicate way, too. I notice that the paper claimed but little credit, save only for the idea, and gave praise to the citizens of Los Angeles for the way in which they responded to the call. You can say what you like about the "Examiner," provided you don't like it, but there was as live a piece of work as was ever brought across. And the other papers all recognized it, showing that where Southern California and her good name is concerned, we can all pull together, no matter what our profession, business or beliefs religious and political may be.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

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Financial

By ALBERT SEARL, STOCKS AND BONDS, 301 UNION TRUST BUILDING

The security market is livening up. Led by Union Oil and affiliated companies there has been more real ginger in standard shares during the past fortnight than most of us have seen for months. Union appears to be fixed at around \$230, on the basis as I understand of a new corporation to take the place of all three of the Stewart-Torrance oil corporations. The new concern, I hear,

We recommend the purchase of Home Preferred, Home Common, Home 1st 5's U. S. Long Distance, Central Oil, Union Oil.

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Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Statement at Close of Business, February 14, 1908.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$ 9,512,260.02
Bonds, securities, etc.	2,699,852.33
Cash and sight exchange	4,302,876.44

TOTAL\$16,514,988.79

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	\$1,250,000.00
*Surplus and undivided profits	1,496,163.29
Circulation	1,250,000.00
Bonds Borrowed	145,000.00
Deposits	11,873,825.50
Other liabilities	500,000.00

TOTAL\$16,514,988.79

*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

is to be capitalized at \$50,000,000, with three shares for one of Union. The details are all worked out.

Home Telephone preferred is a bit stronger at \$47.50 and \$48.50, with the regular dividend already declared and payable in May.

Bank stocks are stiffening a bit, with the six months withdrawal notice for savings institutions nearly all cleaned up.

The new Los Angeles Clearing House examiner, J. W. Wilson, assumed his duties on May 1.

The first bank in Rawhide, Nevada, has been organized under the title of the Wonder Bank and Trust Co. The capital is \$50,000 and the officers are: President, Russell Prentice; vice-president, M. R. Sidwell; cashier, C. E. Aldridge.

Lyman J. Gage, ex-Secretary of the United States Treasury, and formerly president of the National Bank of Chicago, will be among the speakers at the convention of the California State Bankers' Association, which is to be held in Pasadena May 16, 17 and 18. Mr. Gage, who is now retired, lives at Point Loma, and has accepted an invitation to be present and make an address. As he is considered one of the greatest authorities on finance in the United States this will be one of the most interesting features of the convention.

The smaller banking institutions in outlying districts are taking steps to induce the clearinghouse to modify its order requiring \$200,000 paid in capital by September 1—or no clearance of checks. Some of these banks like the Bank of Highland Park, the Market and Produce Bank, and the Fed-

eral bank have no more use for \$200,000 paid in capital than there is for six wheels on an automobile. They are performing certain definite functions in suburban sections. Consolidation is out of the question.

Frank Burns, cashier of the State Bank of San Pedro, died last week after a short illness. He came to California from Maysville, N. Y., where he was engaged in banking, and a year after his arrival organized the San Pedro institution. He was a fine business man and built up a fine clientele for the bank. Mr. Burns was but 42 years of age. He leaves a widow and one child.

I. B. Newton has been elected a director of the Farmers & Merchants National Bank in place of Henry E. Huntington, who resigned several weeks ago.

A building and loan association has been formed in Beaumont. The officers are: President, J. J. McCoy; vice-president, W. J. Sears; secretary, John Gobin; treasurer, George R. Wells; building committee, W. J. Killion, T. O. M. Jones, R. C. Dundas, R. F. Murry, R. T. Jenkins, J. J. McCoy, W. J. Sears, John Hallman.

Bonds

The city of San Bernardino will shortly vote on an issue of \$196,273 for a comprehensive system of street improvements.

The Riverside (city) school district votes May 26 on an issue of \$40,000 for additional school buildings.

Calexico will soon have an election to decide on the issue of \$10,000 school bonds.

The board of supervisors of Los Angeles will sell the issue of the Burbank union high school district on May 11.

Ontario votes May 16 on an issue of \$65,000 school bonds.

In the Literary World

Frederick Trevor Hill tells the story of the origin of Wall Street in the current "Harper's Magazine." On the morning of March 21, 1644, Cornelius Van Tienhoven, secretary of the council at New Amsterdam, posted a bulletin warning all interested persons to appear on "next Monday, the 4th of April, at 7 o'clock," to erect a barrier at the north of the settlement sufficiently strong to prevent the straying of cattle and

to give protection from the Indians. During the administration of Van Twiller almost all of the cattle of the colony had mysteriously disappeared, and as the ex-governor's recently acquired "bouwerie" was found surprisingly well supplied with live stock, the present governor, Kieft, thought he had good grounds for suspecting some of the missing herds might have strayed in his predecessor's direction. There is no authoritative information as to how the wall was constructed, adds Mr. Hill, but he says there

is evidence that it consisted mainly of untrimmed trees felled at the edge of the adjoining forest and piled together to form a sort of barricade, "and that its northern line, running certainly from the present William street to what is now Broadway, and possibly from shore to shore, marked the farthest limits of New Amsterdam, as it then existed, and practically determined the location of Wall Street."

A remarkable amount of intelligent and

interesting research is embodied in the volume of some 620 pages called "The Irish in the American Revolution and Their Early Influence in the Colonies," by James Haltigan (Washington, P. J. Haltigan). The author tells us in a foreword that having observed among several recent historians a disposition to ignore the work done by the Irish people in the foundation of this Republic he has aimed to restore it, so far as the means of investigation at his disposal would suffice, to its proper place among the national records. He is careful, we note, to state the sources of his information and to give full credit to the authors he quotes. He does not profess, however, to present an exhaustive conspectus of his subject. On the contrary, he thinks that to do full justice to the theme a large volume should be published for each State in the Union.

That this book was needed is evident from the fact that as lately as October, 1896, an article in the "Atlantic Monthly" by President Eliot of Harvard recites that "the eighteenth century provided the Colonies with a great mixtures of peoples, although the English race predominated. When the Revolution broke out there were already English, Scotch, Dutch, Germans, French, Portuguese and Swedes in the Colonies." Remarking the omission of any mention in the article of the Irish as constituting an element in the mixture of peoples who made up the Americans of the eighteenth century, Mr. J. D. O'Connell, who for thirty years was one of the chief clerks of the Bureau of Statistics in Washington, addressed a letter to President Eliot calling his attention to the oversight. The letter was so crammed with veritable facts that it could not be controverted or ignored, and President Eliot felt constrained to reply: "I shall have to confess that I omitted the Irish because I did not know they were an important element in the population of the Colonies in the eighteenth century."

(Not coal lands.)

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 16, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that John W. F. Diss, of Santa Monica, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 10670, made Sept. 26, 1904, for the S. 1/2 of S.E. 1/4, S. 1/2 of S.W. 1/4, Section 28, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on May 20, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz: John U. Henry, Charles E. Gillon, John H. Schumacher, David D. Parten, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Apl. 18-5t. Date of first publication Apl. 18, '08.

HOMESTEAD.
LAND OFFICE AT LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
April 5, 1908.

I, Ernest F. Decker, of Santa Monica, Cal., who made Homestead Application No. 11155, made Aug. 13, 1906, for the Lot 1, Sec. 28, and E. 1/2 of S.W. 1/4 N.W. 1/4 of S.E. 1/4, Sec. 21, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S.B.M., do hereby give notice of my intention to commute and make final proof to establish my claim to the land above described, and that I expect to prove my residence and cultivation before Register and Receiver, United States Land Office at Los Angeles, California, on May 12, 1908, by two of the following witnesses: Herman Branch of Santa Monica, J. A. Decker of Los Angeles, Freeman Kincaid of Los Angeles, Eli Palmer of Los Angeles.

ERNEST F. DECKER.
Apl. 11, 5t. Date of first publication Apl. 11, '08.

The fact is brought out in the book that Spencer in his "History of the United States" records that "in the years 1771 and 1772 the number of emigrants to America from Ireland was 17,350." Almost all of these emigrated at their own charge, a great many of them consisting of persons employed in the linen trade, or farmers possessed of some property, which they converted into money and carried with them. Within the first fortnight of August, 1773, there arrived in Philadelphia no fewer than 3,500 emigrants from Ireland.

In view of these figures it is not surprising that Plowden, the Irish historian, should write: "It is a fact beyond question that most of the early successes in America were immediately owing to the vigorous exertions and prowess of the Irish emigrants who bore arms in that cause." Neither is it astonishing that Lord Mountjoy should have risen in his place in the House of Lords and solemnly declared that England had lost America through Ireland. By way of cumulative testimony, our attention is directed to the fact that Lecky in his "History of the American Revolution," speaking of the composition of the Continental army, says: "One of the most remarkable documents relating to the state of opinion in America was the examination of Galloway, formerly Speaker of the Pennsylvania House of Assembly, by a committee of the House of Commons, on June 16, 1779. To Galloway was put the following question: 'What in the service of Congress were the soldiers composed of—natives of America, or were the greatest part of them English, Scotch or Irish?' Galloway answered: 'The names and places of their nativity having been taken down, I can answer the question with precision. There were scarcely one-fourth natives of America; about one-half were Irish; the rest were English and Scotch.'"

We advise every one who desires to learn the truth concerning the part which Irishmen played in the American Revolution to read with an open mind Mr. Haltigan's book.

The first adequate account of a man who played conspicuous parts in American politics, diplomacy and literature, will be found set forth in the two volumes entitled "The Life and Letters of George Bancroft," by M. A. De Wolfe Howe (Scribner's). We learn from a preface that some five years ago the late Mrs. John C. Bancroft entrusted the private papers of her father-in-law to the author of this biography. There seems to have been an immense mass of these papers, but it turned out that Bancroft himself had done much to simplify the biographer's work. The task which Mr. Howe undertook has been performed with skill, sound judgment, discretion and sympathy. He is reticent when he ought to be reticent, and candid when candor is called for. He has produced upon the whole a book which Bancroft himself would have viewed with satisfaction, and which is of unquestionable value to the student of history of the United States in the nineteenth century. It is of value by reason of the subject's manifold and long continued activities. Almost coeval with the century, he was successively Secretary of the Navy, Minister to London and Minister to Berlin, and he is even better known as the writer of the most painstaking and trust-

worthy history of the American Colonies, down to Britain's concession of their independence by the Peace of Versailles.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Los Angeles, Cal., March 31, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Richard P. Hanson, of Sherman, County of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No. —, for the purchase of the S.E. 1/4 of S.E. 1/4, of Section No. 13, in Township No. 1 S., Range No. 20 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, California, on Tuesday, the 9th day of June, 1908.

He names as witnesses: Thomas J. Moffett and Perry W. Cottler of Sherman, Cal.; Marion Decker and Ernest Decker of Los Angeles, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 9th day of June, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Apl. 4-10t—Date of first publication Apl. 4-08.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Los Angeles, Cal., March 19, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Charles E. Gillon, of Santa Monica, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement for the purchase of the Lot No. 4 of Section 33, in Township No. 1 S., Range No. 18 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on Wednesday, the 10th day of June, 1908.

He names as witnesses: J. W. F. Diss, John Schumacher, D. D. Parten, of Santa Monica, Cal.; A. W. Marsh, of Los Angeles, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10th day of June, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Apl. 4 9t. Date of first publication Apl. 4, '08.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Los Angeles, Cal., March 11, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Florence M. Mattingly, of 217 W. Avenue 37, Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement, No. —, for the purchase of the Lots 3 and 4, and E. 1/2 of S. E. 1/4, of Section No. 11, in Township No. 2 N., Range No. 17 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on Thursday, the 21st day of May, 1908.

She names as witnesses: Ferd Tetzlaff, Fred Graves, Ramona Miranda, Frank Miranda, all of Chatsworth, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 21st day of May, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
March 21-9t—Date of first publication, March 21-08.



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